

THE NATION

OCTOBER 21, 1968 35 cents

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THE BLACK VOTE

Negroes Go Local

ROBERT MAYNARD

The No-Choice Bag

L. F. PALMER, Jr.

New Game In Dixie

VERNON E. JORDAN, Jr.

MAX RAFFERTY: HIGH WIND IN CALIFORNIA

PHIL KERBY

Herzen: His Despair and Ours JOHN BERGER



LETTERS

no vote

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: The delegates to our Democratic convention have surely taught us the bitter lesson that they, and not the people, nominate the President. The only way we now have left to change this system is to withhold our votes from their nominee and all the machine Democrats running in 1968, to teach them the even more bitter lesson that the people, and not the delegates, must elect a President.

Lillie W. Naness

silence

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: In Springfield, Ill., on Sept. 12, George C. Wallace said: "If the police could run this country about two years, they would straighten it out." That is a call for a police state—not behind some "curtain," not in some backward little country but right here at home.

Almost five weeks have passed since that ultra-rightist remark. Lyndon Johnson hasn't commented on it; nor has Everett Dirksen. Neither Hubert Humphrey nor Richard Nixon has disavowed such a proposal. (In fact, both of these worthies are proclaiming similar sentiments in their campaigns about "law and order" and "more money, power and armaments for the police.") Spiro Agnew and Edmund Muskie are strangely silent. There have been no indignant editorials in the press.

A serious candidate for President of the United States of America calls for a police state and there is no hue and cry. I contend that this is very ominous.

Paul E. State

a case of rigging

Brewster, N.Y.

DEAR SIRs: The balloting in the American Physical Society reported in the editorial, "New Politics Among Scientists" [*The Nation*, Sept. 30], has had a surprising aftermath. The "Schwartz amendment" which, in Professor Schwartz's own words, was intended to promote "greater participation by the members . . . in studying how our professional concerns intermingle with public issues," was defeated by a vote of 9,214 to 3,553. It now appears that the balloting was, in a sense, "rigged." The September issue of *Physics Today* contains three letters protesting the enclosure, in the same envelope with the ballot, of a prejudicial statement by the APS Council. One of the letters, signed by nine members at the University of Pittsburgh and including both opponents and supporters of the proposed amendment, terms the inclusion "outrageous" and urges that the vote be declared invalid.

The APS Council offered a semi-apology, based principally on the fact that a separate mailing would have cost more than \$2,000 but acknowledging that, "in view of the questions raised, this economy move was perhaps unwise." The term seems too mild. The amendment would probably not have carried in any case, but it can hardly be doubted that it would have drawn a larger vote if the council had stated its position earlier and refrained from "electioneering at the polls." Physicists are busy people and to follow authoritative leadership at the moment of voting is the easy way out of a complex, unprecedented, highly charged situation.

The council's obliviousness to its violation of elementary proprieties illustrates, I suggest, the tendency to regard political dissent as inherently disruptive, though actually it is a vital necessity in a free society. On that basis, almost any measure to curb it acquires legitimacy, and we know what that can lead to.

Carl Dreher

EDITORIALS

The Military Supermarket

Sen. Daniel Brewster, a member of the Armed Services Committee and a Democratic hawk seeking re-election in Maryland, toured the big war-planes plant of Fairchild-Hiller at Hagerstown last week, accompanied by a company executive and a representative of the United Auto Workers. Employment at the plant, reports George C. Wilson in *The Washington Post*, has nose-dived from 10,000 to 1,700.

On its face, this visit would appear to be a good example of how the military-industrial complex brings pressure to bear in election campaigns, the more so since Senator Brewster is running against Rep. Charles Mathias, a Republican dove. But Mr. Mathias also campaigns in the defense plants (Maryland is fourteenth among the states in military prime contracts), and he does not feel that the military-industrial complex—despite the mutuality of interest among Senator Brewster, the Pentagon, the companies and the workers—is lined up solidly against him. Mr. Mathias sees the question of political influence in a somewhat different light. "We have reached the stage in our development," he told Mr. Wilson, "where no longer is one man pioneering a weapon that could help the military. . . . We now have instead a kind of military supermarket in which the procurement services can shop around."

The shopping shows every indication of a careful political calculation. For example, Lockheed, the largest defense firm, last year opened a plant in Charleston, S.C., home of Rep. L. Mandel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. Last year also, General Dynamics, second largest defense plant, placed an electronics subsidiary in Camden, Ark., after Sen. John L. McClellan, chairman of the Government Operations Committee, had visited the Fort Worth plant where General Dynamics makes the F-111 (TFX). Senator McClellan has said that he asked the president of General Dynamics to take a look at what Arkansas had to offer when he was being shown around Fort Worth by that gentleman.

Now and then big defense firms get windfall benefits from their far-sighted location of plants in politically strategic areas. For example, the way has now been cleared so that Lockheed may purchase the huge government plant it has been operating in Marietta, Ga., home state of Sen. Richard Russell of the Armed Services Committee. The installation covers 730 acres, employs 25,000 workers, and has what is called the world's largest aircraft assembly plant under one roof. It has been declared "excess"—that is, by *present* Air Force needs. Valued at \$113,886,000, it will be knocked down to Lockheed at a price which is undisclosed but which Mr. Wilson reports will be much less than the figure quoted. Because Lockheed had put \$60 million into the plant, the Air Force would not permit any other company to bid. Under government regulations Congress had thirty days after the plant had been declared "surplus" to object,

to the deal, but the deadline passed and no legislator raised his voice.

The military supermarket may not have "goodies" for every state and community, but strategic distribution of resources can and does insure splendid political support. There is no need, as Mr. Wilson points out, for defense firms to engage in the old-style *quid pro quo* of American politics; careful cultivation of "the community of interest" among executives, stockholders, workers and political figures in key areas will do the trick. In a word, it is not the military-industrial complex per se that should be feared so much as the nearly universal willingness to accept the benefits that flow from the military supermarket in the name of national security.

Dick in Wall Street

Mr. Nixon's campaign foray into Wall Street occupied more than half of the first page of the business and finance section of the October 6 *New York Times*, running over into the inside pages. One story, "Nixon Over Wall Street: His Statement Is a Puzzler" by Terry Robards, originated in New York; the other, "Capitol View: A Blunder" by Eileen Shanahan, was a survey of Washington reaction. Both stories left unanswered the key question: what or who impelled him to do it?

The Nixon statement (which the candidate may not have examined with due care) is regarded by the reporters' sources as teeming with substantive errors. Not made public but sent to top executives in the securities business, it was a heavy-handed attack on the "heavy-handed bureaucratic regulatory schemes" of the Securities and Exchange Commission under the Johnson Administration, coupled with a strongly implied promise that a Nixon administration would deal more gently with the Wall Street segment of private enterprise. But since Wall Street has been getting along tolerably well with the SEC, even Nixon's friends are unable to see the need for such emphatic reassurance at this time.

In a seemingly wild swing, Mr. Nixon denounced the proposed reduction of sales commissions and the ban on commission splitting among brokers—measures which had been approved by the president and board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange and which are about to be voted on by the Exchange membership. Among other misconceptions is a blast at a pending study of the effects of institutional investment on the securities markets. This investigation was initiated not by the SEC but by a Republican member of Congress, Rep. Hastings Keith of Massachusetts; it was approved by Congress without opposition from any quarter and in fact the affected Wall Street interests testified in its favor. What, then, would Mr. Nixon propose to do about it? It could be as late as mid-1970 before he could secure a majority on the SEC. Nor do his assurances to his Wall Street contacts take into account the legal obligation of Presidents (whether Republican or Democratic) to allow regulatory agencies to function autonomously. When this rule is violated, it is usually done with decent circumspection.

The *Times* quotes a senior partner of a large securities

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firm: "I hate to say it, but what he has done is written a letter which, in effect, says, 'Look, send me some money and we'll lift the pressure off you when we get in.'" Consistent though this is with Mr. Nixon's earlier record, it appears to be an oversimplification, as implied by another top man who asked, "Is he that hard up for money . . .?" Yet another senior industry official commented: "It is the first serious mistake of his campaign. He had the votes and he had the money, so why did he have to do it?"

It may be that Nixon was used as a cats-paw by interests opposed to current regulatory compromises in Wall Street. If so, his staff work is not as good as it is reputed to be. Moreover, he lost sight of the major problem of the prudent men in the Street: to preserve a respectable façade behind which so-called "investors" can play the stock market as other gamblers (or the same ones) play the horses. The present balance between regulators and regulated is conducive to this end; Nixon is no friend of Wall Street if he upsets it.

Illiterate Greeks

Two days after the referendum on the new constitution in Greece (September 29), an insistent rumor gained currency in New York: the junta's strong man, Colonel Papadopoulos, had arrived in New York unexpectedly. While pickets started forming outside the Hotel Pierre and radio and TV networks were seeking to interview him, it became known that the visitor from Athens was actually Foreign Minister P. Pipinelis, who promptly arranged appointments with members of the American Establishment, from Senator Javits to Secretary Rusk.

Incredible as the rumor may seem, it still points to the fact that the Greek junta considers the United States its sponsor, and feels that its members may seek inspiration and solace here. The opposition to the junta (liberals, loyalists, conservatives and leftists) tacitly accepts this view, with the result that most of its exiled leaders living in London or Paris have refused to visit the United States, with the exception of Mr. Andreas Papandreou, a former American citizen.

The referendum can be viewed only in this context: as an instrument whereby the junta seeks to impress some of its American friends—and possibly receive full-scale military aid, which was curtailed on April 24, 1967. It is not sufficient to say that the referendum was rigged or that it was conducted under martial law; the question is why it was conducted at all. The answer may be that the junta wanted not only an additional excuse to keep the initiative for itself, and impress "friendly" Americans in the State Department and at the Pentagon, but also to confuse its enemies. It is characteristic that while most American newspapers, including *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, have blasted the Athens regime for rigging the referendum, they have conceded that the new constitution is not all that bad. *The New York Times* even guesses that the Greeks might have voted for it in a free referendum.

It would seem that these newspapers cannot have read this constitution. The point is not whether it is liberal or

illiberal, or that it suspends certain articles: the point is that the as-yet-unknown drafters of the document are profoundly illiterate. They confuse constitutional principles, laws, statutes and even police ordinances. They base the governmental system on the three powers (executive, legislative, judiciary), but somehow list at least six, adding the church, a National Council and the army.

One of the few known contributors to this charter is D. George Kousoulas, professor of political science at Howard University, and formerly with the USIA, who has been commuting between Athens and Washington for the last year and a half. So it seems that American know-how has contributed not only to a climate conducive to military dictatorship but also to a lowering of the level of constitutional literacy in "underdeveloped" Greece.

A Secret No More

The Secretariat of the World Federation of Trade Unions (Communist controlled) has, by an 8-to-1 majority (the one dissenting vote being cast by the Soviet representative), condemned the Russian interference in Czechoslovakia. The action was taken on August 28 but was kept secret until quite recently, when it was made known in Italy. The fact that the action was taken on the apparent initiative of the French and Italian affiliates—Louis Saillant, veteran Communist and former secretary of the General Federation of Labor in France, serves as Secretary-General of the WFTU and Renato Bitossi, an Italian Communist Senator, is Chairman—does not detract from its significance.

The WFTU has some fifty-seven affiliates and through them claims a total membership of 120 million. Two issues in particular have in the past prevented the East-West cooperation of trade union and left-of-center groups: a belief on the part of Communist organizations that socialism necessarily implies some form of one-party control, and the related belief that a measure of uniformity of opinion, particularly among artists and intellectuals, must be enforced to safeguard Socialist regimes. The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia has badly shaken these dogmas.

For the first time since 1945, therefore, an opportunity is arising to build a measure of East-West opposition among left-of-center groups to the drift toward war. If all varieties of Left leadership in the non-Communist world would now formally welcome and support the WFTU position on Czechoslovakia, that might well constitute the first step toward international Socialist action—if not to end the cold war, at least to strengthen East-West "left" opposition to it.

The Action Gap

After a long and hard sell, President Johnson and his economic and fiscal aides persuaded Congress to boost income taxes, so as to keep the economy in check and inflation from becoming rampant (as the phrase usually goes). When people begin to feel the tax bite, the Administration argument went, they'll trim back their spending, and pretty soon economic equilibrium will be restored.

But here it is two and a half months after the tax hike, and inflation is as rampant as ever. Even some of LBJ's associates, like Treasury Under Secretary Joseph W. Barr, are beginning to confess publicly that "the response to the surcharge thus far has been slower than anticipated."

The people speak somewhat more harshly. "One of the reasons given for the 10 per cent surtax on incomes was to combat inflation," a letter writer complained in *The Washington Post*. "However, in August the cost of living went up, an increase in inflation. This is another definite example of the American people being sold a bill of goods by LBJ and his incompetent financial advisers."

In August the consumer price index went up for the nineteenth consecutive month. Prices have risen a whopping 4 per cent in the last eight months, the sharpest such boost in eleven years. And, to compound the devilry, a Bureau of Labor Statistics spokesman comments: "There is every sign that the figures will continue to increase throughout the rest of the year."

Nor, so far, has the higher tax scale (which was retroactive on business to January 1) had much effect on the economy as a whole. A poll of the nation's leading private economists forecasts only a "brief hesitation late this year and early in 1969," for "inventory adjustments" in the private sector. This 183-man group, members of the National Association of Business Economists, also cautioned that inflation would be a continuing problem, and that it would become worse if Humphrey wins in November. The economists see the Vice President as a bigger spender than Nixon.

If LBJ and his team had got around the country more (instead of limiting their appearances to business lunches and conventions), they would have found that today's American family is solvent as hell, despite the gripes. For example, fewer home owners in the country are two or more payments behind in their mortgages than at any time since mid-1960. Delinquency ratios on bank-installment loans are the lowest in nine years. Personal bankruptcies declined in the twelve months ending June 30 for the first time in sixteen years. Sitting pretty, the American family therefore took the bigger tax bite in stride and kept right on spending. In fact, retail sales reached a record in August, and there's every sign that another record was set in September.

"The indisputable fact of the matter," said a recent investment letter published by Goodbody & Co., "is that the economy's buoyancy has many of the government's top experts flabbergasted. The expectations, so firmly voiced last May and June, that the income tax surcharge would provide the necessary brakes for excessive exuberance, and the makings of what could become a runaway inflation, just haven't materialized."

Another economic thought is now emerging. There is general agreement, even among some Nixon men, that the 10 per cent surcharge will have to be extended beyond next June 30, the present expiration date. When he committed the nation to the land war in Vietnam, the President for too long delayed owning up (in public at least) to the costs involved. Had Johnson asked for higher taxes

in 1965, he—and the Vice President—might have escaped the gap now building up around the 1968 surcharge.

Gruening

Senator Gruening, the gallant 81-year-old physician, newspaper reporter, editor (of *The Nation* among other publications), author, Latin American expert, and distinguished administrator, has now decided to go along with a write-in campaign which he did not initiate. The facts are these: In the August 29 primary, Senator Gruening was defeated for the Democratic nomination by Mike Gravel, 38-year-old speaker of the Alaska legislature, by the slim margin of 1,954 votes. The Republican nominee is Charles Rasmuson, chairman of the board of the National Bank of Alaska and reputedly the richest man in the state.

Senator Gruening was quite willing to accept the primary verdict; at his age and after a lifetime of notable achievements he did not need another Senate term to round out his career. However, the voters—notably those in college communities (University of Alaska, Alaska Methodist University)—set in motion a write-in campaign. "The war is the overriding issue with us," said one college student, "and this business of two evils just won't do any more. The Senator is a positive candidate."

Once the write-in was under way, the Senator agreed to campaign and is doing so with the vigor and enthusiasm of a young Eskimo. (At 81 he still does twenty-five push-ups plus sixteen other sets of calisthenics every day, and then plunges into a tub of cold water!) "These people," he said of those who initiated the write-in, "represent the hope of the future and I can't let them down."

Write-in campaigns are difficult, but the Senator has substantial support. The *Daily News* of Anchorage and the *Juneau Empire* are giving his campaign excellent coverage and may well endorse his candidacy. What the campaign needs is money. The best—and quickest—way to supply it is simply to send contributions to Senator Ernest Gruening, Anchorage, Alaska.

The Negro Vote

Always a matter of journalistic interest in Presidential elections, the Negro vote has assumed novel dimensions this year. What percentage of that vote will the Democratic nominees receive? Will Nixon get the one-third he won in 1960, or the 5 per cent that went to Goldwater in 1964? What will be the size of the Negro turnout, and will it show variations, North to South? What effect will George Wallace have on Negro voting behavior this year? What do Negroes think and feel about this year's Presidential nominees? More important, what do they think and feel about their own relation, as voters, to the political process at the national level?

What some Negroes say, what many Negroes think and feel, and how most Negroes will vote are, this year, separate if related questions. John F. Hatchett, until recently director of the Afro-American Student Center at New York University, has referred to Nixon and Humphrey as "racist

bastards." Mr. Hatchett, who feels that no white American is free of racism (are all Negroes, one wonders, immune from the same virus?) has to say of George Wallace: "At least he is honest about what he stands for." Honest, perhaps, but not candid. Hatchett's point of view is interesting, but is it representative?

In full awareness of the novel overtones to "the Negro

vote" in this year's election, *The Nation* turned to three Negro reporters: L. F. Palmer, Jr., in Chicago; Robert Maynard in Washington, D.C. (he has been traveling with the Muskie entourage in the Midwest industrial cities), and Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., stationed in Atlanta, who is an expert on Negro voting in the South (see articles beginning on page 392).

VIETNAM: THE WAR CORPS

BLAKE ROBINSON

Mr. Robinson, after sixteen months in Vietnam, where he worked in the pacification program in Gia Dinh Province as assistant provincial representative for psychological operations, resigned his post during the summer. At the same time, he left the U.S. Information Agency, in which he had served for more than eleven years in Asia, Africa and Washington.

An Indian journalist not without sympathy for America's dilemma in Vietnam was among the first to use the phrase, the "War Corps," to describe the conglomerate American presence, civilian as well as military, in that sad land. The irony of the term stems from the fact that the sizable segment of America's brawn and brain now present in Vietnam is a sort of perverted Peace Corps. The enthusiasm and courage of the Peace Corps, as well as the condescension and press agency that sometimes attach themselves to it, have been harnessed in Vietnam to a lost, and in the truest sense, a losing cause.

Vietnam has brought thousands of civilians into the business of making war. Just as "pacification" has little to do with peace, civilians in Vietnam are hardly to be distinguished from soldiers. Not surprisingly, Vietnam has provided new careers for many retired military.

Much has been written about what the war is doing to the Vietnamese. "You have made prostitutes of our women, beggars of our children, and Communists of our men" is an oft-quoted description of the impact of the American presence. Less attention has been paid to the psychological fruits on the American side. There has been some mention of the martial skills and heightened social expectations which the black GI is bringing home with him. More important are the inner revulsion, the cynicism and lack of self-respect—in sum, the dehumanization—which tens of thousands of Americans of every race are being asked to inflict upon themselves in Vietnam.

A national as well as an inestimable personal loss is involved. Apt comparison has been made between these men and the "good Germans" of World War II—those who, while part and parcel of the Nazi system, "knew not what they did." The "good Americans" out in Vietnam bring an evangelical fervor to their disparate tasks. That what they are doing contributes directly or indirectly to destruction appears after a time no longer to concern them.

In Vietnam the American concepts of efficiency and team work, the ideals of the frontier, have mutated wildly.

The job, most people out there will admit, is often its own end, but unfortunately for the Administration soothsayers, the job constantly gets itself undone. According to one official, "The computers are doing a grand job of winning the war. As long as you keep asking them the wrong questions, of course they will give you the 'right' answers. And we're paid to ask those wrong questions."

Leaving aside the bulk of the military for whom war, just or unjust, is simply there to be fought, the Americans in Vietnam fall roughly into three categories. Those in category one, while numerically the fewest, give the War Corps its tone. They are the very young, the naive who really do believe in what they are doing. They are the spiritual descendants of the men who rallied to Saint Bernard's cry, "God wills it!"

One such whom I know is, like most Americans, three times as big as the average Vietnamese. He strides the narrow paths of the paddyland in his tropical GI boots, clipboard at the ready, eager to avenge the cheated villager or to root out the unrecognized VC cadre. One would like to believe that he is a good man. Unfortunately, in today's Vietnam as in Graham Greene's, he is just another "good boy," who thinks he is doing the work of a man. The men in category one will risk their lives, often several times a day, knowing that their cause is worth it. There is woe, however, when one of these aged adolescents begins to understand the game. Then he is no longer content to know that if he dies in action his soul will soar to heaven like a "Huey" in high gear.

The category-two man is also in a minority. For the moral fervor of category one he substitutes a thirst for glory. He is the careerist of the Vietnamese War and, like most of his kind, not very attractive. He is, however, of one piece, and in the long run is the easiest to take of all three categories. Chances are he is carving an empire in Saigon. When he goes out inspecting, his eye may be watching for booby traps but his inner eye looks far beyond Vietnam. It sees the executive desk awaiting him in Washington, the AID directorship in another underdeveloped and potentially "CI" (counterinsurgency) country, or even some "class B" ambassadorship.

The man in category two is past master at briefings and pep talks. He knows what the omnipresent press wants and what his "team" will take. He will say with the eye-bulging candor of the true believer, "In Vietnam, 'Rev Dev' (revo-

lutionary development, the latest term for pacification) is really where it is." Or, "The . . . Division is about the greatest thing ever to happen to this province."

The careerist's Vietnamese "counterpart" is likely to be a major or above; probably a bad soldier but a good family man. They get along famously. That buddy system has changed somewhat recently, as more and more Americans try their hand at direct rule and by-pass or push aside Vietnamese officials. Yet it is still true, as one AID technician put it, "All American advice is welcome here, as long as it takes the form of piasters."

But the American in category two is, with few exceptions, himself clean as a whistle. What he is looking for is not the quick buck (although he is paid handsomely) but a lifetime salary in the upper five figures and the prestige that comes from being a super-executive in the American New Order. He is getting in on the ground floor of this nation's new colonial service. One day we may speak of sons and relatives who "went out to Vietnam."

The War Corps would, however, fall flat on its face if it were forced to rely exclusively on these two categories. The main body, the infantry so to speak, is made up of men who do not take to Vietnam as a duck to water. They must adjust, and adjust they do. They convince themselves that they are there for good and sufficient reason. In fact, much of their energy while "in country" is devoted to convincing themselves of just that.

These are the tens of thousands who make up category three. They are the men who, perhaps even more than those whose lives are lost to VC booby traps and mortar shells, represent a loss to America. By taking part in the war they suspend both their political and moral beliefs.

While neither uneducated nor underfed, they remain essentially as passive as the Vietnamese peasantry. And in that respect they are typical of the bulk of the nation.

In category three one finds the "dead ender," who is using Vietnam to revive a dying career. Here also is the man who has fled "the land of the great PX" to exorcise (or exercise) a private devil—a hunger or a thirst that could not be fully satisfied at home. Of course, he may also be there for the money.

But these are exceptions; more often than not the man in category three is not seeking "artificial paradises" and is not a pure mercenary. He has come to Vietnam because he feels he has no choice. He has few real skills, is too long in his career, has too many children, or too demanding a wife to make a clean break of it. For him it is not "whom" but "what can I turn to?"

All these men, the competent as well as the incompetent, the dullards as well as the brilliant, tend to talk about what they are doing with a certain mocking trepidation. From one I got, "Hm, Rev. Dev.—certainly no revolution there and damn little development."

These men live for their SMA (visit to a "safe haven" country to see the wife), which most of them can get every five weeks, but which they take less frequently now because the government will pay their way only twice a year. Then they go off to swinging Bangkok, comfortable Taipei or stylish Hong Kong. Others take the big leap three times a tour, returning to the States to visit the family in the suburbs of San Diego or Poughkeepsie.

The biggest chunk of the War Corps is made up of men in the middle grades of government service and in middle age. These category-three warriors are often only



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too glad to get away for a spell from the wife and kiddies, the suburban grind, bureaucratic infighting or diplomatic socializing.

Many of them are not members of any branch of the military services or career employees of any civilian agency. Vietnam is full of contractees, as well as employees of firms dependent on AID or the military. For them, too, Vietnam can be dangerous, but the risks are offset by splendid wages, differentials, free housing, cheap liquor, good food at below supermarket prices, servants, and the irresistible bonus of a "butterfly" or two between visits to see the "little woman."

In this land of displaced persons a Vietnamese "girl

friend," even with the high demand, can be had for a fraction of the price of a housemaid back home. These men, when one of their fellows is about to return to the States, ask him what his PCOD (Pussy Cut Off Date) is. And while the boys down their third or fourth drink, they will play the game of "Categories," defining the number and nature of the kinds of people working in Vietnam. Only rarely will they dare ask themselves, "What category am I?"

Vietnam is producing a race of men who do not respect themselves or their country. They are the real "good Americans" of the Vietnamese War—not only a waste in human resources for the United States but the basic manpower source for more Vietnams, both abroad and at home.

THE BLACK VOTE

Negroes Go Local

ROBERT MAYNARD

Mr. Maynard is a reporter for The Washington Post.

Washington

He was the kind of ward hustler known in all big cities. The once flashy suit was slightly wrinkled, the off-white shirt had seen a whiter day. But he was a professional, a man paid to do a specific job and with pride in his reputation for reliability. He was not happy.

The job in Ward 24 of Cleveland is to help the organization of Democratic Mayor Carl Burton Stokes turn out a sizable vote for Hubert Humphrey and the Democratic slate on November 5. The pro was standing in the steamy ballroom of the Sheraton Cleveland Hotel, his brown brow glistening with perspiration as he listened to one politician after another proclaim that Ohio was safe for the Democratic column "right down the line."

"These cats ain't for real," the pro confided. "They ain't about to carry this state, or this county for that matter, and they damn well know it. You know what they got to do to carry this state? They got to get every black man and woman into the booth—maybe some of 'em twice—and they can't get 'em all even once."

Blacks, he said, are not all that interested in this Presidential election, despite the fact that whites in Cuyahoga County are defecting in droves to George Wallace. The state-wide organization, the pro said, "don't act like they want the black folks' vote this year. I guess they want it, but they ain't doing a whole lot to get it."

That is hardly an isolated view of the Democratic campaign in the black communities. The impression that prevails is that Humphrey is keeping a safe distance from blacks, in the hope of hauling back into the Democratic column those myriad whites now marching to the polls to the music of George Wallace. "Intellectually," said a prominent Negro Democrat, "they know the black vote

is essential, but emotionally, they can't deal with that reality."

The only Democratic bright spot at midpoint in the 1968 campaign is George Corley Wallace. As reports of his strength spread through the black communities, Democratic professionals hope to stampede voters to the polls, telling Negroes that their votes are needed to keep the White House from falling into the hands of a blatant racist. In fact, assisted by several Agnew slips of the tongue, the Democrats hope to make the argument work against Nixon as well.

But so far, nothing seems to click for them in the Negro communities, where the Democrats hope to garner 80 per cent of whatever vote is cast. And it is a not inconsiderable vote, if it can be mobilized in the final few weeks. If Hubert Humphrey can successfully be portrayed to blacks as the least of three evils, the Democratic National Committee figures to turn out 8 million blacks on Election Day. That is 3 million shy of the number eligible to vote, but the size of the task can be measured by noting that in 1964—when blacks went to the polls with a vengeance against Barry Goldwater—6 million voted. That kind of anger is simply not being generated by the present campaigns.

It is particularly not being generated where it might really count—in the industrial North. The turn-out in the South, where 3 million blacks are registered in eleven states, is expected to be so heavy that some Democrats dream that a strong black vote in Mississippi could carry the state for Humphrey, with Nixon and Wallace canceling each other. Elsewhere in the South, however, no such hope exists.

But there are several Northern states—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan in particular—where a heavy black vote and a little bit of luck could hold the line for Humphrey.

"It's ironic," a black Auto Workers official in Detroit was saying recently. "I remember when it was predicted that the Negro vote would one day be a swing vote and we could influence Presidential policies. Now, when that day is just about here, nobody seems particularly in-

terested. My people tell me they aren't even making out well in getting people registered. What do you think is going to happen November 5?"

The war in Vietnam, of course, has played the heaviest part in eroding Negro enthusiasm for either Humphrey or Nixon. But beyond that, Humphrey, the potential beneficiary from a heavy black vote, has damaged himself by equating the "extremism of Stokely Carmichael" with that of George Wallace. Even Negroes who consider Carmichael a demagogue resent his being lumped in with a man whom most blacks consider a deadly enemy. Nor has Humphrey's flirtation with the law-and-order and crime-in-the-streets issues endeared him to a Negro electorate becoming ever more suspicious that those terms mask a form of racism.

But still another reason, going beyond those negative concerns, is the shift in focus of the black community. In the years since the urban uprisings began, black communities have become increasingly introspective and internally concerned. The emphasis on national leadership has given way to a preoccupation with what is happening at the local level, even the neighborhood level.

Neither in civil rights nor in politics have national figures been as important as local ones during the past several years. Partly with anti-poverty funds and partly

because of the rise of nationalism and black identity, organization at the neighborhood level in the black communities has drawn attention away from the great figures. And the two men who could most easily have broken through to the local level—Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy—are gone.

Thus an odd comparison can be made between the behavior of working-class blacks and working-class whites in this election year. The whites, frightened by violence and crime—but even more by aggressive Negro aspirations—are turning in large numbers away from the liberal Center of Humphrey to the wild Right of Wallace. In doing so, they are banking on Wallace's ability to contain the black threat by invoking greater police powers, which traditionally is not a Presidential responsibility but a local one. Thus it could be said, they propose to vote for a President as though they were selecting a tribal chief or a king. They are asking the President to serve as their defender against crime on the street corner, as though the job had become too big for the police chief; as though too much were at stake for the matter to be resolved by the man in City Hall.

The black component of the working class, meanwhile, is being told at the local level that there is nothing Negroes can gain from the Presidency, nothing to be had from Washington, no matter what man heads the government. That this should be so is especially striking when one notes that even some super-militants will concede that "Johnson did more for black people than any other President."

Black leaders like Ron Karenga, founder-chairman of US, the Los Angeles cultural black nationalist organization, exert profound influence locally, within several miles of their home bases, but little influence on the rest of black America. Part of the reason is credibility. After listening for years to empty promises from politicians and civil rights leaders, the black communities have turned to men they know and who are close enough at hand to be held to account.

Thus the Democratic Party, the "party of the working people," goes the last few halting steps to Election Day with its white blue-collar voters looking to a national figure to solve local problems, and with its black constituency looking to local leaders for solutions to problems that plague them nationally. Meanwhile, black and white radicals are talking—separately, of course—of forming new parties with new concerns and new goals for the nation. A private survey among politically oriented blacks turned up a surprisingly large number of supporters for the idea in cities in middle America. Behind the move for a black new politics there lies the feeling that the major parties are so frozen into old commitments and alliances that they will never free themselves to respond to black people.

Negro Democrats had hoped that the nomination of Channing Phillips and Julian Bond would show Negroes that they have a place in the party. They certainly assumed that the GOP nominations would prove that party closed to black aspirations. Channing Phillips has been on the road, telling disaffected black and white Democrats alike that the party's rebuilding must be done by them, and



Drawings by Pat Fink

*"Man, in France They Wants Worker Power and
We Ain't Even Past the Worker Part!"*

that they can succeed if they stick with it. But he reports that they often seem to doubt him; they remember Mayor Daley too vividly.

With a quality of great distance in her voice, a black woman, and a regular Democrat in New York, said: "It's a very strange election. It's all as though it were an argument among white folks that hardly involves us. Yet—don't you feel this?—more than anything else, it's *about* us. How odd this fall seems."

She and a couple of her friends had gathered in a favorite bar and were chatting in remote tones about what it all meant—losing Bobby, in whom they had believed so deeply; the McCarthy candidacy, which shook the party to its foundations, but yet seemed, save for a handful of college kids, to have almost no contact with blacks; the bizarre scene in Chicago. And then the sudden realization that George Wallace was not a quadrennial political joke but a serious contender for the Presidency of the United States.

"I wish," said one of the women, "that we could begin this year all over again. I feel so strange inside. Nothing *tastes* right." The others nodded assent.

The No-Choice Bag

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Chicago

Chicago's black voters could help topple Mayor Richard J. Daley from his national power perch on November 5. By refusing to vote in the Presidential election, Negroes could help throw Illinois to the Republicans, and Daley *must* deliver Illinois to Humphrey if he wants to maintain his party ranking. This is probably one of the most difficult assignments the veteran boss of Chicago has ever had to face.

It is an intriguing thought, but, as the cats on the street would say, whitey's got the brother in the trick bag again. The black voter in Chicago—and anywhere else, for that matter—has got to vote for Humphrey because there's no place else to go.

No matter how you add it up, the answer comes out the same. Use the old math of the rigidly controlled, survival-oriented Democratic machine and the conclusion is inescapable: blacks will come out for Humphrey on November 5. Use the new math of the black militant spokesmen who are preaching a vote boycott, but add in the facts of life, and the answer remains unchanged: black voters will vote and they will vote Democratic.

In Chicago, the black vote has long been locked into the Democratic machine. In the fantastic 1960 Presidential election, when John F. Kennedy took Illinois from Richard Nixon by less than 10,000 votes, here's how a few

of Chicago's black wards voted: The 2nd Ward cast 21,100 Democratic ballots and 5,353 Republican; the 3rd Ward went for Kennedy 19,990 to 5,003, and the 24th Ward gave Kennedy 24,211 votes to Nixon's 2,131. In any one of these three black wards—and others delivered returns almost as effective—the plurality was sufficient to swing the entire state of Illinois to the Democratic nominee.

Four years later, when the specter of Sen. Barry Goldwater stirred Chicago's black voters to a little movement on their own, the pluralities in these same districts were extraordinary. The 2nd Ward turned out 23,238 for Lyndon B. Johnson and 1,276 for Goldwater. In the 3rd Ward, the Republican candidate could muster only 982 votes to Johnson's 33,851, and in the 24th Ward he got 304 to Johnson's massive 21,662.

A lot has happened since 1964. Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated, his death putting an end to the nonviolent movement as a national force. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was wiped off the political scene in the same unbelievable manner, and another hero of black Americans was eliminated. Cities burst into flame, Chicago among them. The black pride movement caught hold and suddenly black people started thinking for themselves—some of them, at least.

In Chicago, one of these is Calvin Lockridge, who convened the Black Consortium, a confederation of about forty militant black organizations. When the conventions were over and the Presidential campaigns had begun to tick along, Lockridge startled blacks and whites alike by proposing a double-barreled anti-Establishment strategy. He first called on blacks to vote for Wallace in an effort to throw the election into the House of Representatives. Starting from the assumption that neither Humphrey nor Nixon will offer a meaningful program for the liberation of the black man, Lockridge said: "The ultimate goal of the vote-for-Wallace strategy is to break the two-party system. The system is what is strangling black people. So if you think black people voting for Wallace is extreme, you'd better know that we'll do anything to destroy the system."

But Lockridge came to recognize that this approach is too sophisticated for the black masses, and he began calling instead for a boycott of the polls, a protest technique to be fashioned into a national strategy. A few ministers and independent politicians have joined the boycott movement in Chicago, seeking to persuade black voters that it is suicidal to keep on playing lackey to the Democrats. They argue that once the major parties know that the black vote is not automatic, meaningful bargaining can begin.

Daley is being used as bait in the Chicago boycott attempt. Militants are saying that a nonvote is a vote against Daley, who is running for nothing except his political reputation, which took on national proportions during the bloodletting of the Democratic convention. But the boycott does not appear to be catching on in Chicago, nor apparently in other urban areas. A major reason is the threat of Wallace and Nixon-Agnew. In their October 5th issue, the *Chicago-South Suburban News*, a Negro weekly,

urged voters to defeat Wallace, while the *Chicago Daily Defender*, one of two Negro dailies in the country, inveighed against Nixon.

The *News* strung a two-line banner headline across the top of its front page: "Black Voters Must Go to the Polls En Masse To Curb Wallace Fascist Threat." The story, appearing just after hundreds of thousands turned out for Wallace's visit to Chicago, said in part:

If it was not clear before, it became clear Monday afternoon in Chicago that black voters cannot forgo the voting booth this year as various people have asked them to do

The situation one month before the election calls for some deep thinking on the part of black people in the state of Illinois and throughout the nation. There is a clear and present danger that George C. Wallace and his legions will personally or by proxy lead to a Hitler regime in this country. Never before in the history of this country has the black vote individually or as a whole meant so much as it does this year. A vote not cast is a vote for Wallace. A vote for Wallace is a vote for a Fascist, Hitlerite America.

Voicing much the same fear of Nixon, the *Defender* said in an editorial:

Though some of his strategists try to fashion him in the image of a new leader with a profound sense of vision, Richard M. Nixon remains unchanged. . . . Should [he] win the Presidency in November, the nation will be rocked by some of the most oppressive and repressive measures ever devised by an American President. The ominous change can be perceived through Nixon's running mate, Governor Agnew, who is opposed to demonstrations of any kind and who advocates drastic limits to "permissive dissents." We would be living not in a democratic state with a representative government to sustain the ideology but in a garrison state where the people are voiceless and forbidden to resent any abuse or infringement of their rights or an excessive use of power under the subterfuge of national interest.

These are matters that the black voter must consider before entering the voting booth.

Assuming the boycott technique to be an effective one, which I do not, it must be worked at, like any other political device. It is not being worked at in Chicago because the militant-independent coalition lacks the means and the discipline to carry on a relentless, precinct-level, door-to-door-campaign. Therefore it can succeed only by a miracle. That is one reason why the black voter today is in a steel-lined bag, trying to get out with a can opener: a strong political organization is nonexistent in the black community, outside the Democratic machine.

By contrast, the Daley machine continues to hum. Less than two months after the Chicago Mayor had zipped into his fourth term in April, 1967, with a winning plurality of more than 500,000 votes, Negro Democratic officeholders from across the country assembled in Washington for a workshop conference. A major item on the agenda was Daley's enormous victory and its significance for Negroes in the party and for the Democratic Presidential nominee. It seems evident that even then

party leaders were concerned about holding onto the black bloc vote. Most delegates to that Democratic parley no doubt went home determined that the message brought by state Rep. Corneal A. Davis, a veteran Chicago Democrat, was the rallying call for the days ahead: "The Negro's salvation is organization. We've got to be organized. We must be part of an organization. We cannot stand alone."

Then the June, 1968, primaries came to Chicago and



"Man, Oh, Man, Talk About White Elephant Sales!"

produced one of the lowest turn-outs in recent history. In the black wards, the stay-at-homes were so numerous as to be alarming. The white vote was down about 30 per cent, but among blacks it was about half of what it had been in the 1964 primary.

A. A. (Sammy) Rayner, who got into Chicago's City Council by unseating a regular Democratic organization man, failed to oust Rep. William L. Dawson in that primary. Rayner had some thoughts on the small turn-out, disagreeing with those who argued that the death of Senator Kennedy caused black voters to stay away from the polls: "We thought Senator Kennedy's death would actually enhance the vote. I think Negroes may be becoming

disillusioned with the political process. If that's so, I'm very concerned."

Leon M. Despres, the white independent councilman known for his maverick ways, concluded that "people are voting with their feet. They feel alienated, uninvolved, rejected." The low turn-out, Despres said, was "an eloquent but ominous sign for the fabric of the city."

But Daley is as sensitive to such signs as a mechanic who detects a foreign sound in the motor of his beloved machine. At once the screwdrivers and pliers were playing over the innards of the Democratic political mechanism, looking for short circuits, points that needed adjusting, plugs to be replaced. For the machine needed a perfect tune-up for the race on November 5. Now, in the days before the election, the hum of efficiency is again heard in Chicago's black wards. The 3rd Ward is a good example. Ralph H. Metcalfe, one-time Olympic hero, is alderman and Democratic committeeman of the ward. Chairman of the powerful Building and Zoning Committee of the City Council and an astute politician, he is thought by many to be the heir apparent to the Congressional seat of the aging Dawson.

"Certainly we see the vote boycott as a threat," Metcalfe said. "It will continue to be a threat so long as we do not address ourselves to it. But we are pointing out that any person who advocated that black people refrain from voting is no friend of the race." Metcalfe says that, in view of the threatened boycott, his organization has stepped up its campaign for Humphrey. "We advanced our timetable considerably. Our precinct captains are getting vote estimates much earlier this year, so we can get an idea of what the picture is. And we are making it crystal clear to residents of our ward what a danger Nixon and Wallace represent." Metcalfe predicts that a larger percentage of Negro voters will turn out on November 5 than did in 1964.

The NAACP, the Urban League and some labor organizations are also conducting vigorous "nonpartisan" get-out-the-vote campaigns. The A. Philip Randolph Institute has come out in support of Humphrey-Muskie and is actively opposing the boycott in Chicago and other major cities. One flier which the institute distributed to blacks speaks a plain language: "Nixon and Agnew and Wallace scream about 'law and order' and 'crime in the streets.' Whom do you think they have in mind? It's us. What do you think they really mean? They mean to scare the Southern racists and Northern backslashers into voting for them so they can 'put the nigger in his place.'"

That is very effective propagandizing. Combined with the bread-and-butter campaigning of the Democratic organization's precinct captains, it will get the black voters to the polls on November 5, although there is enormous hostility to Humphrey in the ghettos—especially among younger voters who view the Vice President much as they view the NAACP: great in its day but unable or unwilling to shift with the times. "What am I supposed to do?" one black voter asked. "Sit on the sidelines and watch the world go by? Obviously, I can't vote for Nixon. The vote-for-Wallace bit is too silly even to talk about. So that leaves me with Humphrey. We're in a bag, brother."

Another group of blacks who will vote for Humphrey, though it goes against their militant grain, are those who have fought in Chicago's political wars, have been run over by the machine, but who are still looking for somewhere to turn.

Bennett J. Johnson is one such. Though he is now project director of the Milwaukee Urban League's Labor Education Advancement Program, he is in and out of Chicago and very much a part there of the independent political scene. Still nettled because he was offered \$3,000 to drop out of Chicago's 42nd Ward aldermanic race in 1959, Johnson told the recent Black Power conference in Philadelphia that he offered to withdraw his candidacy if his political enemies gave him \$1 for every black man, woman and child in America. "I ran and I lost," Johnson recalls. "The campaign cost the 42nd Ward regular Democratic Organization \$35,000 to defeat me. But we built the North Side contingent of the Chicago League of Negro Voters which led every protest movement for the next nine years."

Johnson said he could have become a political dropout and "it would have made sense to some people if I had joined the boycott movement." But to him it just isn't that simple. "Politics is power. The acquisition of this power is a science. We who believe that black people must control our own communities must first learn how to become skilled at this craft. Then we must use this science to free ourselves and our brothers."

Johnson then put his finger on the core of the dilemma. "The most influential organization in Chicago and many other urban areas is not a religious denomination, a fraternal group or a civil rights organization. It is the Democratic Party. The warp and woof of the Democratic Party are the precinct captains and the functionaries such as election judges. But these black party faithful do not come from the middle class; they are not the black bourgeoisie. They are the grass-roots people who have found some identity and some way to make a living through the political organization."

To launch a program to exterminate them, Johnson said, would be fratricide and would leave a vacuum of employment and service "we are not prepared to fill." To put it another way, the Democratic organization in Chicago and in many urban centers is a way of survival for many Negroes. At the same time, because the organization does not respond to the needs of the black man, it is also a way of death for the hopes and dreams and aspirations of a people. There, again, is the bag that engulfs black voters on the eve of the 1968 Presidential election. It is suicidal not to vote, yet a vote for Humphrey is a vote for the machine.

Ironically, the three black candidates currently running for President are virtually forgotten in the whirl and swirl of electioneering. Ask any black man who they are and he'll be able to name Dick Gregory—perhaps. Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panthers' minister of information, who is running on the Peace and Freedom ticket, and the Communist Party's Charlene Mitchell have not stirred even as much interest in Chicago as Dick Gregory's cam-

paign "dollar bills." The number of blacks who will waste their votes on these three candidates will not even ripple the political waters.

And so, given the widespread belief that the Democrats will be hard put to carry Illinois for Humphrey, I return to the intriguing thought that Chicago's black voters could help push Daley off his pinnacle of power on November 5. From emotion, militancy and impulsiveness they just might indulge themselves in this kind of orgy of revenge. But, more in self-defense than anything else, the black vote is almost certain to wind up in Humphrey's pocket. Whether or not it will be enough to put him over, most black voters are convinced that they are better off in somebody's corner than to find themselves even more stranded than they are today.

Richard H. Newhouse, a black state Senator from Chicago who bucked the machine to win his seat, has been preaching a bit of Black Power to his colleagues in the Illinois General Assembly. Like Bennett Johnson, he sees politics as power and is trying to weld black state Representatives and Senators into a power bloc. "The time has come," Newhouse said last year, "when the Negro voter must recognize that voting is not an exercise in futility. Good, clean, legal American power is within grasp—if we just remember to stretch forth our hand." He is not having much success with his unity program.

In time and under the right circumstances, Newhouse's admonition could have great meaning. Under the circumstances of the upcoming election, the black man's vote is little more than an exercise in futility. In Chicago and across the nation, he is going to act on his franchise, he is going to stretch forth his hands. But what the political system is going to drop into those upturned palms will not be "good, clean, legal American power."

New Game in Dixie

VERNON E. JORDAN, JR.

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Atlanta

It is ironic, in this year when both major parties (and of course George Wallace) are soliciting Ole Massa's vote, that the black man can be the decisive factor in how the region goes. In 1964, just over 2 million Negroes were registered to vote in the South. This year the figure is up to 3,112,000. Since 1962 Negro voter registration in the South has more than doubled, with no comparable increase in white registration; the face of every sixth voter in the South today is black.

In contrast with his historic alienation from, and victimization by, Southern politics, the black man has recently been making solid political gains throughout the region. As a registered and active voter, as an office seeker and officeholder, the black man has become in the 1960s a major participant in the South's political process.

Negroes are gradually reshaping Byzantine Southern politics by struggling from a position of virtually no political status in 1944 to the point where they have been able to decide many state and local races. Similarly, Negroes can now determine how Southern states will cast their electoral votes in 1968.

The Presidential election of 1964, and the state-wide and Congressional elections in the South in 1966, supply precedents for saying that the Negro vote can swing this year's election in the region, and (who knows?) in the nation. A study by the Southern Regional Council of the 1964 election shows that of the six Southern states carried by Lyndon Johnson, four (Arkansas, Florida, Tennessee and Virginia) would have gone for Goldwater had it not been for the black vote. One other, North Carolina, might have gone Republican. Only in his native Texas, among the eleven states of the South, did Mr. Johnson clearly receive the majority of white votes. And in the five states carried by Goldwater, Negro registration was abnormally low, lagging behind the regional average.

In the 1966 election, the black vote supplied the winning margin for a U.S. Senator, one and probably two governors and at least two Congressmen. In addition, a number of Negroes were elected to public office at state and local levels. Today there are nearly 300 black elected officials in the South and the number is expected to go above 300 in this November's elections.

To be sure, the growing black vote has not silenced racism in the South, as was hoped several years ago. The 1966 gubernatorial campaigns in Georgia, Alabama and Florida are examples of racist victories. The same could be said of the 1967 Mississippi governor's contest. Indeed, it could be argued that the rise of black political influence, along with other advances made by the Negroes, has intensified racism in the region. The white South obviously feels that the blacks have gone too far in their demands for justice and equality. Integration of lunch counters and public facilities, desegregation of the voting booths and token desegregation of the schools—although fought at every turn—are thought to be enough, if not too much. While the percentage of Negro voters is up, in some parts of the Deep South new white registration has matched, or nearly matched, new Negro registration.

Events this year have also demonstrated what black people have known all along—that the South has no monopoly on racism. George Wallace's incredible campaign has made obvious this sociological fact. In the Johnson-Goldwater race for the Presidency racism was a controlling factor in the South. Johnson and Goldwater offered two distinct views on the race question, and the issue therefore caused mass defections of previously Democratic white voters to Goldwater, and of previously Republican black voters to Johnson. But in 1968, with "law and order" a major issue, the shadow of racism hangs over an entire national campaign.

Given all this, along with the candidacies of Humphrey, Nixon and Wallace, where will the Southern Negro vote go in November? The fact is that the Southern Negro has the franchise but no choice. As in 1964, the Republicans have failed to offer the black people a can-



"I'd Settle for Some Closed Housing."

didate for the Presidency; they wrote off the Negro vote at Miami. Wallace, of course, provides only additional incentive to vote for Humphrey.

This does not mean that Southern Negroes are irrevocably committed to the Democrats. They vote their interests and they vote for the candidate or party acceptable to their aspirations and their dignity. For example, in Pine Bluff, Ark., in 1964, Negroes voted 97.8 per cent for President Johnson and 88.5 per cent for the Republican candidate for governor. In 1966, Negroes in South Carolina and other parts of the South gave key support to Democratic candidates. In the Arkansas governor's race, however, Negroes gave decisive support to the Republican nominee.

Nor is there, this year, great personal affection for Mr. Humphrey. Had Robert Kennedy lived and won the Democratic nomination, he would have enjoyed the overwhelming support of black people in the South. He was a man who cared about their problems, and they remembered his brother. They also remembered Robert Kennedy's service as attorney general; they listened to his speeches. They saw him in the Mississippi Delta in-

vestigating and seeing firsthand the desperate plight of the black man. The death of Senator Kennedy, along with that of Martin Luther King, leaves a void in the hearts of black men in this election year.

Of course, Hubert Humphrey is no stranger to blacks in the South. Negroes either remember or have heard of his courageous leadership in behalf of civil rights at past Democratic conventions. Southern Negroes recognize that he has long championed the cause of justice and equality, and continues to do so.

As Vice President, however, Mr. Humphrey's image has been somewhat tarnished. His photographed embrace of Georgia's Gov. Lester Maddox was very disturbing. What kind of politics is that, the Negroes asked? Humphrey's obvious courtship of Southern Governors in his bid for the Democratic nomination was poorly received. Did he really believe he could count on McKeithen, they ask in Louisiana? What is his actual position on Vietnam? The blacks are becoming increasingly concerned about that faraway war. Finally, why would Sen. Robert Byrd of West Virginia be the keynote speaker at a recent South-wide Humphrey-Muskie organizational meeting in Atlanta? Negroes were puzzled.

Nixon has no positive record in the field of civil rights, nor has he been identified with the cause of black people. His call for law and order, his criticism of the Supreme Court, the reported promises to Southerners on school desegregation, and the roles of Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and "Bo" Callaway of Georgia in his campaign are not calculated to win him the black vote. From what we have seen and heard in the South, the crowds Nixon attracts across the country are lily white, attracting few, if any, Negroes.

Wallace, of course, is not in contention for black votes. However, his presence in the campaign will be a factor in getting Negro citizens to the polls on Election Day. Many blacks will vote against Wallace as much as they will vote for one of the other candidates. The Wallace brand of racism generally insures a good black turn-out wherever it is applied.

The 1966 governor's race in Alabama illustrates this point. Wallace was a *de facto* candidate for governor, with his wife standing in. In the primary, 74 per cent of the 235,000 Negroes registered in Alabama voted. This was a remarkable showing, since more than half of the Negro registration had been added in the months leading up to the election and thus were voting for the first time in their lives. The white turn-out in the election was 61 per cent of the white registration.

Candidates aside, the 1968 conventions of the major parties are additional influences on the black vote in the South. The Republican delegations from the South were almost entirely white, a departure from the older tradition of heavy black representation on Southern delegations to GOP conventions. There were only four Negro regular delegates from the region—two from Arkansas, one from Tennessee and one from Georgia. Black representation nation-wide at Miami, delegates and alternates, was only 3.5 per cent. Except for the address by Sen. Edward Brooke, Negroes were almost invisible.

At the Democratic convention, on the other hand, 381 black delegates and alternates provided 7 per cent of the total. From the South alone, even before the seating of the Mississippi and Georgia challenge delegations, there were forty-three regular Negro delegates and fifty alternates.

Four years ago, Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer of Ruleville, Miss., was on the outside trying to get into the Democratic convention. This year, black people across the nation saw Mrs. Hamer inside the convention, speaking from the podium and trying to get her black brothers from Alabama into the hall. In addition to seating the biracial delegation from Mississippi, the convention decided to divide the Georgia vote between the regulars and the challengers, driving the enraged Lester Maddox out of the convention and letting Julian Bond in. The abolition of the unit rule was an important change for Negroes. The nominations of black men for President and Vice President, however symbolic, had real meaning for black people.

Thus Negroes in the South tend to see more hope for their aspirations and needs within the Democratic Party. Their actions at the ballot box in November may reflect more an appreciation of the national Democratic Party, and its deeds, than a loyalty to the nominee.

As the election approaches, it becomes increasingly clear that Nixon has little hope of attracting black voters. His October Southern tour offers no evidence that the candidate is trying to draw black voters, though obviously his Southern strategy must somehow include them.

At the same time, if Humphrey is to carry any state in the South, he must have an enthusiastic turn-out of black

voters—plus (such as it is in the South) the moderate-to-liberal white vote. This combination, along with a split in the rest of the white vote between Nixon and Wallace, could put Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas in the Democratic column. I would concede only Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana to Wallace. Georgia could go either way. The nearly 350,000 Negro votes in Georgia could provide Humphrey with the 34 per cent of the vote needed to get the state's twelve electoral votes. Florida is the only Nixon certainty in the South, Texas being too vast and unpredictable to analyze.

Unlike some blacks in the North, Negroes in the South are not indifferent about the current Presidential race. Yet you cannot feel today the enthusiasm and excitement that existed in 1964. Nor do Negroes anticipate victory as they did then. On the contrary, they grudgingly acknowledge that Nixon is likely to win.

This November, thousands of black people in the South will be casting their first vote for a President. A large number of additional black voters will be participating in a Presidential race for the second time. Voting is still a novelty for Southern Negroes and a Presidential election is one they are least likely to pass up.

The crash get-out-the-vote campaigns now under way and growing, under the direction of civil rights organizations and local groups across the South, could lead to a black turn-out at least proportionate to the white turn-out. If that happens, the Democratic nominee has a better chance in the South than most political observers give him. Certainly, the key to a Democratic victory in the South is the black voter. And should the Democrats be victorious, Negro voters will expect them not to forget that fact.

THE EMPIRE AFTER SALAZAR

ANTONIO DE FIGUEIREDO

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Never one to give up without a fight, 79-year-old Professor-cum-Dictator Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, after four weeks of agony and several extreme unctions, fell into a coma, was officially declared moribund, and was replaced as Prime Minister of Portugal by Prof. Marcello Caetano.

A man of many paradoxes, Salazar is likely to go down in the history of his country as the rebuilder of an overseas empire he never even saw. Having been given absolute powers after a *coup d'état* in 1926, he balanced the finances of the exiguous and unstable country that came under his hand and integrated the remnants of a far-flung empire into an "escudo area" which in 1967 showed convertible reserves of \$1.6 billion. Today the rich and booming territories of Angola and Mozambique, more than twenty-two times the size of Portugal, almost as big as

Western Europe, and developing at a faster rate than most independent African countries, contain 12 million blacks and more than 400,000 white settlers (15 per cent of the total white population of southern Africa). Between them the colonies buy 25 per cent of Portugal's exports, supply most of the raw materials for its expanding industry and, overcoming Portugal's own chronic trade deficit, leave a surplus in the "escudo area" balance of payments.

In the first decades of Salazar's rule, much of the visible urban and industrial progress, and capital accumulation, was achieved at the expense of forced and cheaply paid labor from the overwhelmingly rural populations of both European Portugal and the overseas territories. After the Angolan uprising in 1961, when Portugal came to be involved in three colonial wars in Guinea-Bissau, Angola and Mozambique, Salazar forsook his parochial, slow but determined methods. Though he had boasted of keeping Portugal out of the Spanish Civil War and World War II, he was to proclaim the colonial wars as an inherent feature of modern Portuguese "dynamics." Having retained the overseas territories as a preserve for Portuguese capital and

the living space with which to reduce pressure for much needed agrarian reforms in Portugal, he ignored his own previous warnings as to the dangers of investments and loans from foreign sources and mortgaged the economic future of Portugal, Angola and Mozambique with long-term commitments, in some cases extending to twenty-five years.

As of now, his accomplishments are difficult to assess. It would perhaps take less than another forty years to spread the wealth generated by the Salazar regime beyond the bankers, industrialists and the growing urban middle classes in Portugal and the African territories (from which the regime has of late been enjoying considerable support). But the wall of censorship and propaganda hides the full significance of certain facts in the politico-social scene. Over the past few years, Portuguese have been fleeing the country at the rate of 100,000 annually, "voting with their feet" on the way to France and Western Germany. In any year, more leave than are born. And in Africa, Portugal faces guerrilla warfare on several fronts, waged by organized groups on behalf of millions of Africans as eager for self-determination as for social and economic progress.

And the neglected ordinary Portuguese and African will certainly have to wait a long time before their needs are recognized. Defense currently absorbs half of the entire budget, some 6.7 per cent of the gross national product; it is the highest percentage in all Europe, except for the Soviet Union. And defense, conscripting 200,000 young Portuguese for terms up to four years in the active and reserve army units, has absolute control over expenditures for public works, education and social services.

Moreover, Salazar leaves his country at a turning point in its history. Lacking adequate support from its NATO allies for its colonial exploitation, Portugal, the creator of multi-racial Brazil, has come to rely on a close military and economic alliance with South Africa. Apartheid is so incompatible with Portuguese traditions that one can only assume a game of political expediency. On the one hand, Salazar may have hoped to achieve a situation whereby, while enjoying the support of South Africa in the hardening white-supremacy context of southern Africa, he could still offer to the outside world a contrasting picture

of Portuguese racial moderation. In its turn, South Africa would be willing to give a helping hand because Portuguese schemes call for increasing numbers of white settlers in its African territories. The most significant of these schemes are the \$320 million Cabora Bassa Dam, in Mozambique, and the \$220 million Cunene Dam, in Angola, which will provide, respectively, for the settlement of an estimated 1 million and 500,000 Portuguese. Both are backed by South African assistance. Then, the survival of the emerging white nationalisms of neighboring Angola and Mozambique would certainly be bound up with that of white South Africa. The example of Rhodesia is pertinent.

Led away from Europe and back to the empire to assert its independence from Spain, small Portugal is so overwhelmed by the implications of its presence in southern Africa that it runs the risk of losing its autonomy to South Africa. Already many of the army generals and civilian party leaders have settled most of their interests in the rich overseas provinces of Portugal. And it is they who now want to impose a continuing Salazarism without Salazar. Prime Minister Caetano, a widely traveled and more modern-minded man than Salazar, is better equipped to understand the implications of the Portuguese dilemma. In the ambiguous language peculiar to all totalitarian regimes, experts may read some hope of liberalization. "Portugal," Caetano said at his inaugural, "has grown accustomed to be governed by a man of genius, but from now on it will be governed by ordinary men, as are other countries."

The Portuguese, shedding their disputes and calling for a transition to democratic rule, might be expected to cooperate with him in proving that in the long run common democratic sense will profit Portugal more than the visions of a supposedly genial recluse—who rebuilt an overseas empire and led faraway jungle battles from an armchair. By and large, the ordinary Portuguese wants his small country to become part of a wider Europe, rather than to persist in pouring out the lives of millions of Portuguese and colonial peoples on empires that come and go. The dream of empire has intoxicated the rulers of Portugal for 500 years; as long as it holds sway, there may be more or less liberalism in the country, but there will never be democracy.

Rafferty: High Wind in California

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

Dr. Maxwell Lewis Rafferty flew to Los Angeles and called a news conference at a downtown hotel. Facing a roomful of expectant radio, television and newspaper reporters, the California Republican candidate for the United States Senate put it simply: "We candidates have a duty, as the kids say, to cool it."

This was a switch for Rafferty who, since he gained national prominence—or notoriety—has made full use of his

considerable flair for personal invective, unhampered by any nagging doubts of his own rectitude. But now, reviving a phrase used by the "old Nixon," Rafferty told the newsmen he detected a deplorable tendency among political candidates to "go for the jugular." By pat coincidence, he singled out for his concern one candidate in particular, Alan Cranston, the 54-year-old liberal Democrat who opposes him for the Senate. Rafferty accused Cranston of contributing to the "brooding climate of violence" and thereby risking the danger of stimulating further assaults on public figures, there being "too many loose nuts running around this country." Rafferty added, almost by reflex, "I

could say all kinds of things about my opponent, but I will not." (Laughter.) Apparently, Cranston had contributed to the "brooding climate of violence" by replying to Rafferty's attacks, instead of ignoring them, as Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel had done when battling Rafferty in the Republican primary. It turned out that Kuchel had made a fatal political misjudgment. As an example of the kind of restraint he practices on his opponents, Rafferty later in the campaign charged that Cranston had moved "perilously close to . . . treason" when he urged a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam.

For the past six years, since he was first elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, Rafferty had said "all kinds of things" about personalities and issues; his current popularity, like that of George Wallace, may tell more about the country than it reveals of the man. The stakes in the Senate battle are high. A victory for Rafferty would indicate that, against the backdrop of war abroad, war in our streets and general confusion and rancid conflict, the conservative tide that elected Gov. Ronald Reagan and Sen. George Murphy is still running in California and may not have reached its peak. The national significance of political trends in California is obvious. The state's economy is now so large that some statisticians claim it would rank, if separated from the rest of the United States, fifth among the nations of the world.

Rafferty makes headlines and catches the eye of the television camera with short, staccato bursts of opinion like the following:

On Vietnam: "If the North Vietnamese do not respond [to a seven-day ultimatum on the peace talks] then we should turn [our] objectives over to the military to achieve."

On draft resisters: "Creeps, cowards, Communists." (In World War II, Rafferty appealed his 1-A classification twice and finally was rejected for flat feet.)

On foreign aid: "It's not my fault there's starvation in Asia, despite what our one-worlders are saying. There has always been starvation in Asia, largely because the Asians insist upon breeding like rabbits."

On riots: "I would favor declaring martial law immediately in any riot zone and provide for military courts-martial to deal with rioters and looters right on the streets."

On crime and punishment: "I've had it up to here with sob sisters who insist we should be kind to creeps who prey on us or punks who stamp helpless polio victims to death."

On students (at Berkeley): "Who pays the tuition for their four-year course in sex, drugs and treason? I will tell you. You and I do."

Max Rafferty is a political accident, but that may be said of many politicians. Richard Nixon, this generation's most pragmatic practitioner of the art, says a politician's greatest asset is being in the right place at the right time. With no advance warning to the state or notice to him, fate shoved Rafferty from relative obscurity as a district school superintendent to administrator of the largest educational system in the nation. Six years later he had knocked out of office the 57-year-old Kuchel, a vet-

eran of fifteen years in Washington, minority whip of the Senate and a man who had never before been defeated in thirty-two years of politics.

Rafferty was born in New Orleans fifty-one years ago and moved with his family to California in 1931. He graduated from Beverly Hills High School at 16, a bright product of the educational system he has so incessantly attacked. He graduated from UCLA with a degree in history and took an M.A. in school administration, but the clue to the future Rafferty can be found in UCLA student politics of thirty years ago. He was an ardent member of a group called UCLA Americans, organized to rid the university of "Communist activities." Stanley Rubin, editor of the college paper, *The Daily Bruin*, and now a Hollywood movie producer, told David Shaw of the Long Beach *Independent Press-Telegram*: "I remember he got so angry over an editorial I wrote that he came crashing into the office in his ROTC uniform and boots, looking every bit like a storm trooper. He had two big football players with him, and they said they were going to beat the hell out of me."

After returning to UCLA in 1939 to pick up teaching credentials, Rafferty disappeared into the Mojave Desert, where he began his career as a football coach and English instructor in a small-town high school. While working his way slowly up through the system's bureaucracy, he obtained a doctorate in education from the University of Southern California. In 1952, when Rafferty sought to become principal of a new high school in San Bernardino, he was rejected by the superintendent, who recalls: "I . . . heard stories about how he criticized [football] officials so vehemently that he whipped the crowds into a frenzy, and the officials were so frightened they ran from the field and drove off right after the games without stopping to shower and change clothes." Rafferty's later political opponents know how those officials felt.

In the middle 1950s, Needles, Calif., where it is nearly always too hot to bother about anything, was having a brawl over "progressive education." The town, a Santa Fe Railroad preserve with a solidly unionized working class, rallied behind the "three Rs" and threw out the entire school board; the school superintendent and three principals resigned. Rafferty was brought in as the new superintendent to restore order. He did that and more. One newspaper commented that, after five years of Rafferty, the school children of Needles were getting "one of the best public educations in the state."

Shortly thereafter he was called to La Cañada, a wealthy Los Angeles suburb which had been through a school unification fight with the usual casualties and was looking around for a new superintendent. And there, in the spring of 1961, Rafferty became famous. He had not yet unpacked when the school board president asked him whether he would like to address a public meeting. He would, he did, and became the leader of the right-wing assault on public education in California.

Rafferty delivered "The Passing of the Patriot" seven years ago, but it is still included in his standard campaign kit. One redolent passage from this celebrated declamation reads: "The results [of our system of public education] are plain for all to see: the worst of our youngsters growing

up to become booted, side-burned, duck-tailed, unwashed, leather-jacketed slobs whose favorite sport is ravaging little girls and stamping polio victims to death; the best of our youth coming into maturity for all the world like young people fresh from a dizzying roller-coaster ride, with everything blurred, with nothing clear, with no positive standards, with everything in doubt. No wonder so many of them welsh out and squeal and turn traitor when confronted with the grim reality of Red military force and the crafty cunning of Red psychological warfare."

Referring thus to the behavior of some captured American soldiers during the Korean War, Rafferty did not mention that their average level of education was ninth grade and did not remind his middle-class audience that its sons had been sheltered from the draft. Such omissions mattered not at all to the legions of the Right, disgruntled by recent setbacks at the polls. They whooped it up for the superintendent, and soon he was booked into every right-wing rally in the state.

Rafferty's sudden acclaim could not have happened at a time more propitious for him. Dr. Roy E. Simpson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was retiring in 1962, and the ultraconservatives knew opportunity when they saw it. Easily persuaded to become their candidate, Rafferty won the nonpartisan office by outtalking a UCLA professor of speech, Ralph Richardson. "He clubbed me to death with the progressive education issue," Dr. Richardson says, "even though progressive education had not been used in California in ten years." After his election by 200,000 votes, while Richard Nixon was losing to Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Rafferty consolidated his hold on public attention with nonstop oratory. His themes were the war, uprisings in the ghettos, student riots, pornography and narcotics, often bundled into one inspirational package.

Glum predictions to the contrary, Rafferty has not been a disaster for education in California; indeed, he has not had much effect on it. Even if he had been utterly convinced by his own rhetoric—which, given his intelligence, is not likely—he would have found it difficult to accomplish radical change. The Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, while an elected official, is the administrative officer of the Board of Education, appointed by the governor; his power is limited. And in Rafferty's case, nine of the ten board members had endorsed his opponents in 1962. (Since 1966, Governor Reagan has appointed six new members who are more closely akin to Rafferty's philosophy.)

Of the twenty-seven changes Rafferty advocated in 1962 for California education, nineteen, he says, have been adopted—a phenomenal record. But a closer reading suggests, as one observer put it, that most of the reforms are "sweetly scented with anti-climax." They range from "an end to progressive education as the official philosophy of the State Department of Education" to "production by the State Department of Education of recommended lists of children's classics to be sent to all elementary and junior high schools." Among others: "Adoption of music textbooks containing such patriotic songs as *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, *You're a Grand Old Flag*, and *Yankee*

Doodle Boy." These are listed under the category, "Education in Depth—a California Revolution." Some of the reforms have more substance. Rafferty shifted control of teacher training from the school of education in each state college to the Liberal Arts and Science Departments. In teacher training, he placed more emphasis on subject matter and less on methodology. He obtained extension of free public education to the mentally retarded and sponsored compensatory education for dropouts, and he has consistently pressed for more state aid for local schools and a consolidation of school districts to cut costs and increase efficiency.

These moves hint that the new superintendent had something of the "sound educational philosophy" credited to him by one critic, who went on to say that Rafferty, unfortunately, overlays this philosophy "with Philistine attitudes and ideological views that are irrelevant to the battle for basic education." But Rafferty's "Philistine attitudes and ideological views" were not irrelevant to his career. Once settled in office, he troubled himself far less with problems of education than with national and international affairs. Exceptions were emotion-packed, news-making episodes like the row stirred up by *The Dictionary of American Slang*, a volume comprehensive enough to include most of the more uninhibited sexual expressions. This book found its way into school libraries, and Rafferty denounced it as "a practicing handbook of sexual perversion." He condemned the Supreme Court for its decision on prayers in public schools and is currently attacking the appointment of Eldridge Cleaver as a guest lecturer in a special course on racism at the University of California at Berkeley.

There is no evidence that Rafferty cared very deeply about such issues, but they were useful to him as political steps to higher office. When he announced for the Senate—appropriately on Washington's Birthday—some Californians may have been surprised, but the record should have prepared them. And the time was ripe.

In the spring of 1968, Senator Kuchel, an easy-going moderate of 57 and a product of the Earl Warren era of tranquillity in California, was vulnerable. Kuchel, when other politicians were discreetly silent, had earned the enmity of the hard-core Right by denouncing the John Birch Society for its attacks on Chief Justice Warren, who had appointed him to the Senate in 1953. The Senator slammed the point home by refusing to support Barry Goldwater, Sen. George Murphy and later Governor Reagan when they declined to repudiate the society.

Governor Reagan's pulsating dislike of Senator Kuchel, whom he tagged by inference during the Goldwater campaign as one of the "traitors" to the Republican Party, was well known. But as Reagan's staff began to persuade him that he had a chance for the GOP Presidential nomination, the Governor began to think more of party unity and less of ideology. Trying to prevent a Right-liberal split in the California Republicans, Reagan reached a gentlemen's agreement with Kuchel; the Senator would go along with Reagan's ambitions and Reagan would remain neutral in the primary. Reagan kept his end of the deal, rather effectively, it appears, blocking financial support for Rafferty

from the wealthiest of the conservatives who had financed his own victory over Brown. That turned out not to matter very much. Rafferty's campaign manager, Dick Darling, reported that \$950,000 rolled into the primary campaign from 73,000 individual contributors. Rafferty spent \$135,000 more in the primaries and plans to spend \$1.5 to \$2 million—if he can raise it—against Cranston. In October, money, unexpectedly, became a problem. It was reported that big GOP contributors, watching Rafferty sag in the post-primary opinion polls, were not returning his telephone calls with much zest.

Rafferty's unctuous oratory may offend the sensibilities of moderates, but he can stir up the faithful to a pitch of fervor. After one of his window-rattling jousts against vice, crime and the Supreme Court, a young Republican lawyer wryly observed, "He came on a little strong, didn't he?" A sweet-faced, middle-aged woman who had been listening with palpitating attention turned on the lawyer: "He's a great man, a fine man, an honest man who tells the truth." The lawyer, embarrassed by her insistence, nodded agreeably, but she would not be put aside. "Do you know," she asked him, "what's happening in our schools? They put on plays there, with Negro and white children kissing each other."

Rafferty is adept at playing on the fears of such people, but he was not elected and re-elected superintendent of schools solely by bigots, nor did he win over Senator Kuchel with the aid only of the embattled Right. He got heavy support from the middle class and cut deeply into blue-collar areas that have been traditionally Democratic. The concerns that motivate the supporters of Rafferty, Reagan and Nixon are the basic concerns of everybody: the inconclusive war in Vietnam, riots in the ghettos, the revolution among the young, spiraling crime, big government, big taxes, big spending—and circling over all this the terrifying pace of change that threatens established institutions and inherited values.

"Something has gone wrong with this country," says Dick Darling, a bedrock conservative. "There is a breakdown in morality, a lowering of all standards. Loyalty to family, friends and country no longer count for anything. The pendulum has swung too far toward the welfare state. This irritates the average citizen." But Darling, an affable real estate man from Riverside, claims some sympathy for the New Left rebellion against "the system." The New Left, as he sees it, is currently making the mistake that the Goldwater conservatives made four years ago: "Four years ago we were too extreme. We would argue, but we would not reason. The same people who worked for Goldwater worked for Reagan, but they were tempered by their Goldwater experience." Darling's sympathy for the New Left, held carefully within bounds, may stem from a Left-Right common hatred of the "liberal establishment." (As Cranston gathered strength, Rafferty dropped Darling, called Reagan for help, and Reagan sent in a rescue squad of his top aides.)

Darling's average citizen, whoever he is, may be only irritated, but a strong current of fear, frustration and hatred is coursing through the country. These emotions surface more readily on the Left and the Right, but it is apparent that the great majority of the voters—Richard

Scammon's "unpoor, the unyoung, and the unblack"—also are beginning to respond. The right-wing appeal in traditional working-class districts has been evident for several years. In an area of southeastern Los Angeles County with a 63 per cent Democratic registration advantage, Governor Reagan beat Governor Brown by nearly 2 to 1 two years ago, and George Wallace is strong there. The residents of the area, 94 per cent white, and heavily unionized, voted 5 to 1 to repeal California's open housing act. The district borders on the heavily Negro neighborhoods of south-central Los Angeles.

In some respects, the blue-collar class—workers getting



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"Watch Out for His Mud-Ball!"

\$6,000 to \$10,000 a year—are as alienated as the ideological Left and Right. The causes are not hard to discover. A professional campaign manager in Los Angeles, mapping an appeal to traditional working-class Democrats, found workers "fed up" with higher taxes, inflation, the war and fear of "encroaching Negroes and violence." As he said, "taxes hit them harder than anyone else, more of their sons go to war, and integration makes heavier psychological demands on them than on the better educated. Most of them can't afford to send their kids to college, and yet every night on television they see the middle-class kids rioting on the campus and chanting 'Ho Chi Minh.'"

In appealing to the discontented, whatever the origin of their anger, Max Rafferty stirs up fear with one hand and ladles out flattery with the other.

"I'm here to say a good word for the United States of America," he began in typical fashion recently to a receptive dinner audience of young businessmen and their wives. The phrases fell neatly into place: "We are accused of the terrible crime of being American." On the war: "Don't

blame our government for the suffering in the villages of Vietnam. We are there only because they begged us to come." On racial outbreaks: "Don't blame me. I'm not a sniper, a looter or a burner." On poverty: "I did not cause it. You did not cause it." On the Supreme Court: "Social reformers, political hacks, child-marrying mountain-climbers." The innocents of the world, it seems are the comfortable middle classes.

A man less talented than Rafferty would have had difficulty converting mild Senator Kuchel into a great "sick '60s" symbol of pornography, dope, violence and lawlessness, but Rafferty accomplished it in this way: "Washington . . . is a place for a man who believes unhesitatingly in morality, in love of country, obedience to the Constitution and our laws. . . . I leave you to decide whether my opponent is this kind of Senator—whether he has ever been this kind of Senator." And further, "I cannot tell you why my opponent hasn't led a Senatorial campaign against dope; I can only tell you that I will."

This was overkill, and while Rafferty defeated Kuchel, his margin was only 69,000 in a vote of more than 2 million. Alan Cranston hopes to pick up a large slice of the nearly million votes that Kuchel received, and the polls show that he may. Former Governor Brown predicts: "Many Republicans are so mad at Rafferty for what he did to Kuchel that they will vote for Cranston."

Cranston is assiduously cultivating the anti-Rafferty reaction among Kuchel supporters and the results are beginning to show. "Max Rafferty, you're guilty of another big smear." Attached to this statement, which appeared in boxcar-size type in newspaper advertisements throughout California, was the name of Mrs. Lee Sherry, who is no partisan Democrat. She was formerly vice chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, director of the California Federation of Republican Women, and served as Women's Co-Chairman for Sen. George Murphy when he defeated Pierre Salinger. "I couldn't vote for you, Max," Mrs. Sherry continued in a chatty, conversational tone, "or for any other politician, Republican or Democrat, who has so little regard for the truth." What upset Mrs. Sherry was Rafferty's delightful invention that Kuchel had voted to give U.S. financial aid to China to build steel mills. Sanford Weiner, a professional campaign director who before has always handled Republican campaigns, is now working for Cranston. Weiner explains, "Rafferty's election would destroy any chance to elect a moderate Republican in California for years."

Cranston, a moderate much like Kuchel, was a founder of the liberal California Democratic Council fifteen years ago. In later years, as an influential Democrat and twice-

elected state controller, he has pulled back from some CDC positions, and is not on the roster of its current heroes. Two years ago, Cranston collaborated with Governor Brown to force Simon Casady out as CDC president, although both had supported him for the post. Casady was guilty of prematurely opposing the war in Vietnam, and his taunting attacks on President Johnson became an embarrassment to the party in an election year.

Cranston's credentials predate the CDC by many years. As a foreign correspondent in Germany, he early recognized the significance of the rise of Hitler. He compared the German-language edition of *Mein Kampf* with the watered-down propaganda version distributed in the United States, and on returning from Europe in 1939 edited a new version that followed the original text. The book sold half a million copies in two weeks, after which the courts stopped the sale by ruling that Cranston had infringed the copyright.

During World War II, Cranston became chief of the foreign language division of the Office of War Information, later resigning to enter the Army. After the war, he wrote *The Killing of the Peace*, a history of Wilson's struggle for the League of Nations. *The New York Times* called the book one of the ten best of the year. Before returning to California to enter politics, Cranston held two important nongovernment posts in Washington. He headed the Common Council for American Unity, organized to reform immigration and naturalization laws, and was president of United World Federalists.

Cranston suffers from some of the same disadvantages that plagued Kuchel. A political sophisticate, tall, bald and a little glum looking on television, he has difficulty competing for public attention against a bouncy, graying Rafferty with the hearty good looks of an Irish cop. Cranston advocates an immediate bombing halt in Vietnam and urges de-escalation of the war, but maintains that the United States "can't cut and run out of Vietnam." He is for law enforcement combined with "tangible help" for the ghettos. These propositions are not easy to match against Rafferty's simplistic decisiveness, but Cranston, after watching Kuchel go down, decided nevertheless that he had to carry the fight to Rafferty. Cranston is effectively pushing this theme throughout California: "My opponent says the answer to violence abroad and violence at home is more violence. He advocates revenge and retribution. I advocate reason and reconciliation."

Three Southern California counties—Los Angeles, with 40 per cent of the state's population, Orange and San Diego—are where the action is. In beating Nelson Rockefeller in the 1964 California primary, Barry Goldwater lost forty-four of the state's fifty-eight counties, but piled up a plurality of 134,000 votes in Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego Counties to carry California by 68,000. The Rafferty-Kuchel outcome was markedly similar. Rafferty lost forty-three counties to Kuchel, but amassed a lead of 218,000 votes in Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego to win state-wide by 69,000. Goldwater went on to disaster and Cranston's backers hope that Rafferty will meet a similar fate. They have history on their side, if history counts for anything this year. In California politics, the winner of a divisive primary struggle loses in November.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Herzen: His Despair and Ours

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS: The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen. Translated by Constance Garnett. Revised by Humphrey Higgens. With an introduction by Isaiah Berlin. Alfred A. Knopf. 4 vol. boxed set. 1908 pp. \$30.

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Berger is a regular contributor to New Society (London). His Art and Revolution, a new work on the role of the artist in the USSR, will be published by Pantheon this month.

"Many times in moments of weakness and despair, when the cup of bitterness was too full, when my whole life seemed to me nothing but one prolonged blunder, when I doubted myself, of 'the last thing, all that is left,' those words came into my head; 'Why did I not take the gun from the workman and stay at the barricades?' Struck down by a sudden bullet, I should have borne two or three beliefs with me to the grave."

Alexander Herzen died almost a century ago. He was 58. Most of what we read of his was written during the preceding two decades. This brings us straight away to the crux of the matter. On one hand why does Herzen seem so peculiarly modern? And on the other how do we (or at least some of us) differ from him because we belong to the middle of our own century? If we cannot answer these questions and come to terms with what lies behind them, we should logically accept the despair which overtook Herzen and helped to kill him.

Many readers must have been introduced to Herzen through E. H. Carr's book, *The Romantic Exiles* (Beacon). It tells the very readable story of the private lives in exile of Herzen, his lifelong friend Ogarev, and Bakunin; it tells it accurately and sympathetically. But despite my respect for Carr's later works as a historian, this early book seems to me to falsify by being overurbane. It presents the three men and the women with whom they were in love as though they were self-evidently foreign: as though there were an inevitable distinction between their unbalance and our balance. We are shown them as through a sheet of aquarium glass.

Herzen's *Memoirs* were originally translated by Constance Garnett in the 1920s. The four volumes now issued consist of a revised and augmented ver-

sion of this translation. Considering the price of the set, what is offered looks mean. There are no illustrations (to find and improvise images to accompany Herzen's text would be a marvelous commission for a graphics artist). The notes at the end of each volume are taken piecemeal from the Soviet edition of the *Complete Works*. Isaiah Berlin's introduction fails to situate Herzen in anything but an academic syllabus. But the impact of the memoirs themselves makes the rest seem unimportant. Their proper representation would be in illustrated paperback.

A brief outline of Herzen's life may be useful here. He was the illegitimate son of a rich Moscow aristocrat. His father acknowledged him and later left him his very considerable fortune. But his childhood was bleak. The first volume opens with his nurse telling him about Moscow burning in 1812, the year of his own birth: a description very similar to Tolstoy's in *War and Peace*. (There are certain resemblances in character and circumstances between Herzen and Pierre Bezukhov.)

He was 14 when the plot of the Decembrists was uncovered. He was present at the religious service in the Kremlin which commemorated the execution of the five leaders. And he swore then that to avenge these five he would devote his whole life to fighting "the throne, the altar and the cannon."

At Moscow University he and his friend Ogarev were among the most outspoken critics of the regime in the name of a kind of Saint Simonist socialism. In 1834 he was arrested for these opinions (he was never involved in any actual conspiracy), and after nine months in prison he was exiled to Vyatka.

Through the influence of his father he obtained in 1838 a government post in St. Petersburg. But an indiscreet sentence about the police in a letter which was opened by the censor cost him another year of exile in Novgorod. After the death of his father in 1846 he left Russia for Paris and never returned. Living in Nice, Paris, Geneva, London, he became the friend and supporter of Mazzini, Bakunin, Orsini, Proudhon, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Louis Blanc and many other well-known and lesser-known revolutionary patriots. He offered them intelligent—even if increasingly skeptical—friend-

ship, money, and the good offices of his occasional influence in certain official quarters.

For ten years from 1857 Herzen and Ogarev edited *The Bell*, a monthly magazine which, printed in the Russian language in London (later Geneva) and distributed half secretly and half openly in Russia, became the first effective instrument of revolutionary propaganda directed against the Russian autocracy. The first four years of its life were the most important. In 1861 Alexander II met one of its principal demands—the freeing of the serfs. In the same year Herzen wrote passionately in support of an anti-Russian Polish uprising. *The Bell* ceased to be a unifying focal point. The young Left found it merely liberal; the Center condemned it as unpatriotic.

Herzen died in Paris, disillusioned, worn out, lonely, fourteen months before the Paris Commune was proclaimed.

The easiest charge to bring against him is that he was a dilettante. But this depends on the role you wish to accord him. He was neither a political leader, nor a revolutionary activist, nor a political philosopher, and least of all a fighter obeying orders. Men in each of these categories trusted him and were grateful to him. But he was not of them. He himself only half realized what his true role was. It was to pay homage to, to exemplify, and to record the spirit of the year 1848 and its aftermath. "Our historical vocation, our work, consists in this: that by our disillusionment, by our sufferings, we reach the resignation and humility in face of the truth, and spare following generations from these afflictions."

Throughout the four volumes, which begin with his childhood and often refer to the late 1860s when he was still writing them, one feels the fatal gravitational pull of the year 1848. Toward it, all aspirations lead: from it, all disappointments arise.

One feels this all the more strongly because of a strange personal coincidence. The year 1848, besides being the year of revolution and its defeat, was the year in which Herzen's hitherto romantic and idealized marriage began to be destroyed, and the agony of its destruction continued through the four years of France's mounting political corruption and confusion. Finally Herzen's young wife, as a

consequence of her sufferings during those years, died on May 2, 1852, the very Sunday of the guaranteed election, whose coming and whose democratic threat so haunted Napoleon III that he had to forestall them with his *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

Herzen never recovered from the tragedy of his marriage. It turned him, at the age of 40, into a kind of elderly stoic: skeptical, limited in ambition, consoled to some degree by the memories of his youth, capable of appreciating the energy of others, but incapable of fully committing himself, withdrawn.

The *Memoirs* are brilliantly discursive and in a characteristically Russian manner continually move between the personal and the public, the historical and the introspective. And so what they offer is an extraordinarily contradictory, deeply cut but homogenous cross section through a life lived and history observed. The writer's nostalgia for the purity of his youthful aspirations gives a contrary dimension to the bloated revival of the Napoleonic legend; his skepticism illumines in the same negative way the profound vulgarity of the Second Empire; his aloofness throws into relief the new "democracy" of commerce; his aristocratic assumptions reveal the measure of the French bourgeois triumph. And all the while he mixes with men who persist with different visions of liberation and revolutionary change.

Herzen and Marx were mutually disagreeable about each other. Yet it is hard to imagine a work more complementary to Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire* than Herzen's *Memoirs*. The memoirs encompass the experience—or a very great part of it—which Marx's great model essay explains.

However, to return now to the original

question, why do the *Memoirs* strike us as peculiarly modern? First, because no Socialist revolution since 1848 has yet succeeded in a highly industrialized capitalist society. Political events often still follow the same pattern. For example, the manner in which during the recent crisis de Gaulle was able to maneuver and level the electorate and the constitution was remarkably similar to Louis Napoleon's. Furthermore, there are many prophetic pages in Herzen about what he calls "the great trade routes" of consumer societies. Second, because Herzen's style—perhaps because he was an exile writing for friends—is remarkably free of 19th-century *public* rhetoric; in this respect, if in no other, he somewhat resembles Stendahl. Third, because his attitude toward authority and therefore toward most social situations is profoundly unbourgeois; the temper of his reactions is libertarian in the broadest sense of the term—his sympathies are not with those who maintain order but with those who recognize the arbitrariness of that order.

Insofar as they can be demonstrated in a single passage, these characteristics are evident in the following:

"This time he led me into a big office. There a tall, stout, rosy-cheeked gentleman was sitting in a big easy-chair at a huge table. He was one of those persons who are always hot, with white flesh, fat but flabby, plump, carefully tended hands, a necktie reduced to a minimum, colourless eyes and the jovial expression which is usually found in men who are completely immersed in love for their own wellbeing, and who can have resource, coldly and without great effort, to extraordinary infamies.

"You wished to see the prefect," he said to me; 'but he asks you to excuse

him; he has been obliged to go out on very important business. If I can do anything in any way for your pleasure I ask nothing better. Here is an easy-chair: will you sit down?"

"All this he brought out smoothly, very politely, screwing up his eyes a little and smiling with the little cushions of flesh which adorned his cheekbones. 'Well, this fellow has been in the service for a long time,' I thought.

"You surely know what I've come about.' He made that gentle movement of the head which everyone makes on beginning to swim, and did not answer.

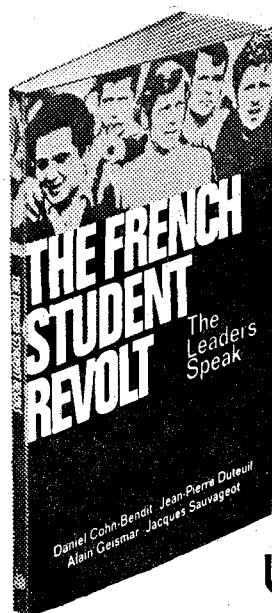
"I have received an order to leave within three days. Since I know that your minister has the right of expulsion without giving a reason or holding an inquiry, I am not going to inquire why I am being expelled. . . ."

Yet, why, finally, does Herzen, belong to a different historical period? How are we able to avoid sharing his despair?

To answer this fully one would have to treat of numerous world-historical developments. But there is an answer in microcosm. Compare the quotations from Herzen with this typical one from the *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*:

"Finally, the culminating point of the '*idées Napoléoniennes*' is the preponderance of the army. The army was the *point d'honneur* of the peasants, it was they themselves transformed into heroes, defending their new possessions against the outer world, glorifying their recently won nationality, plundering and revolutionizing the world. The uniform was their own state dress; war was their poetry; the smallholding, extended and rounded off in imagination, was their fatherland, and patriotism the ideal form of the property sense."

The substance of what Marx is saying here, although brilliant, is beside our purpose, but not the manner of seeing and thinking. Every articulation of the thought involves a connection between opposites. Simply to call this dialectical may be to miss the point. The words do not accumulate to confirm one another; each articulation supersedes the preceding one, lending it a temporarily new orientation. One might argue that this is in the nature of writing itself, in life one begins at the beginning: in literature one begins at the end. But in Marx's mode of thinking the degree to which each superseding phase of the thought modifies the orientation of the preceding phase is new, because it plays upon a new notion of discontinuity. The model is no longer an edifice constructed stone by stone or phase by phase, but a pivotal balance like that of a pair of scales or a seesaw. The total of the phases no longer covers an extensive area, but instead defines a single point occupying no



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space at all. From paragraph to paragraph one proceeds by leaps from point to point.

Many Marxists and anti-Marxists have been so eager to prove or disprove the letter of Marx's prophecies that they have ignored one of the ways in which he was most profoundly and incontrovertibly prophetic. The mode of discontinuity demonstrated by Marx's thinking has now become an essential part of the modern means of communication. Discontinuity is now intrinsic to our view of reality.

For Herzen, continuity was the condition of civilization. This continuity is implicit in his manner of relating and writing. Each phase confirms the next. He is never aware of the force of what is *not* being said (which is perhaps a test for judging truly modern writers). A serious break in continuity means for

him chaos, disintegration, barbarism. He sees revolution as the culminating point of long cherished ideals and aspirations. He underestimates the revolutionary element of explosive desperation. And this is because he is blind to the gaping discontinuities within society, within the world. He is fully aware of the terrible inequalities which exist, but he does not see that they are such that, as between classes, as between the privileged and the exploited, everything changes its entire value and meaning. Finally he despairs at the recalcitrance of a monolithic mankind.

This is not to suggest that political despair can no longer exist. At times it may be even more total, but it will be less final. Today such despair borders on the revolutionary recognition that continuity in the world, as it is, is impossible and intolerable.

Self-Destruction Directives

THE SUICIDE ACADEMY. By Daniel Stern. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 173 pp. \$5.95.

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

Traditional generic distinctions in the novel have broken down. *The Sot-Weed Factor* is a historical romance which debunks both history and romance by combining an 18th-century narrative style with a modern, black-humored vision. *Catch-22* turns the war novel away from battle cries toward farce. *Lolita* adapts the sex novel to philosophical speculations on the perception of reality. The development of hybrid forms allows writers to push beyond the restrictions of realism, to make actions vastly symbolic, characters allegorical, institutions microcosmic. There is no arguing the success of Barth, Heller and Nabokov. But problems develop when writers push too hard, leap to abstract significance before they have convincingly delineated the particular terms in which their characters exist.

For his sixth novel, *The Suicide Academy*, Daniel Stern has formed a hybrid; as the dust jacket says, it is "part spy story, part existential parable." It also combines realism and allegory, plays one against the other, in a novel which asserts itself by pretending it is not what it is. In an important way, the novel is circular, about itself, its own excuse for being.

Stern's central character, Wolf Walker, seems a plausible human being. As director of The Suicide Academy he is a petty bureaucrat—somewhere between

a Bartleby and a Joseph K.—shuffling his papers in a world whose contours gradually bend into loony shapes, whacked-out. The academy is an institution which provides those interested in suicide with one day of reflection and indoctrination on the advantages and disadvantages of self-destruction so that they can make an informed judgment: a service organization. Wolf's anti-Semitic Negro assistant, Gilliatt, continually brings formal charges against Wolf, who is Jewish, for secretly favoring life over death when, as director, he should be neutral. Wolf has impregnated a co-worker who toys with suicide plans. He also successfully drives suicide out of the mind of his beautiful ex-wife, Jewel. Thus, it seems, Gilliatt is right—Wolf favors life; larger still, Jews stand for renewal and rebirth. As Wolf puts it in a moment of exuberance, "I am the Burning Bush. Even while I'm burned by the fires around me I speak, and I refuse to be destroyed." Thus Stern's character becomes an allegorical, representative figure; other characters stand for the Negro, Beauty, Relativity, Sympathy, and so on.

The leap from realism to allegory is often sudden, not always convincing. In one scene Gilliatt argues with Max, Jewel's new husband, over the nature of the Jew. Realistic dialogue recedes into philosophizing. Suddenly, while they argue, they start throwing snowballs at each other. "It was a mad scene—a white slapstick of spraying snow and muttered philosophical curses." But, in fact, the two levels do not complement each other. The argument had been too stiffly formu-

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lated to sound convincingly human; the snowball fight is too sketchily described to serve as a plausible analogue, to pin down the gas. By mixing modes Stern would have it both ways, but often his realism and allegory work to diminish each other.

Stern writes beautiful prose, indeed rhetoric is the strongest side of his novel. He can delicately evoke abstract states, in the manner of Fitzgerald. He includes Pinter-like dialogue exchanges. He echoes Bellow with chopped, punchy sentence fragments and lengthy appositives. But his best style is his own, a witty, balanced manner of statement which turns back on itself, inverts and reverses assertions until they mount in intricate paradox, a verbal house of cards on which one would not dare breathe.

I met Jewel when I played Petruchio to her Katherina. I was tamed at once. How could I have known the desperate lack of form that lay within that beautiful form? I, the supreme artist of choice, fell instantly in love with a beautiful Jewel absolutely incapable of choosing.

Style is perfectly suited to vision; balanced paradox is the novel's theme as well as method. Wolf directs the academy, an institution which insists that only endings are important; Jewel carried a baby in her womb for fourteen months, implicitly insisting that only beginnings matter. Max writes poetry to express his feeling that he has died and been reborn to the realization of "the insane,/ Divine equalness/ of everything," while Wolf writes prose—narrates this novel—which insists on man's choice. So it goes. Characters are reflectors for other characters. Plot circumstances are annotated in analogues. Everything balances, as on a master's chessboard. Design is vision.

Stern seems most concerned with the way of erecting a plausible, realistic allegory, not with drawing conclusions. He tries to do this by denying any allegorical dimension. As Wolf says:

But this is no allegorical crap about how the Suicide Academy is really a microcosm. Don't let them kid you. It's just a place where people come when they want out of everything for good.

But, of course, in the denial is the assertion. The academy is Modern Society, isolated and particularized. Stern accompanies its description with his own methodological justifications. He has Wolf say that the academy exists, like metaphor or any form of parody, "so that which we cannot actually experience may still be somehow lived." To accept the academy is to validate the novel. The novel, therefore, becomes its own sub-

ject, and contains its own rationalizations for being.

Perhaps as a result of his methodological concerns, Stern's vision is balanced, inconclusive. We are left with poised paradox. Wolf's humanism recedes; we last see him listening to the unintelligible words of an ominous woman, "poised before revelation," a revelation which we are sure will never come. The point

seems to be that revelation and resolution are illusory in the novel and in life. Balance is all, conclusion is illusion. If this reading of Stern's novel is correct, then it seems unfortunate that so talented a writer would place himself at the disadvantage of allowing his concerns with form to dictate his theme, rather than—like Barth, Heller and Nabokov—to devise new modes to capture new themes.

Letter from Berlin

ALEXANDER GROSS

Mr. Gross, a playwright and play translator, has been living in Berlin for the past two years on a grant from the Ford Foundation's Artist in Residence program.

With each new report of events in Czechoslovakia, the citizens of West Berlin have been digging themselves in more deeply for their own crisis. It is something they were looking forward to during most of the summer, and they will probably be unhappy if it fails to materialize. For many months, amounting now to years, the Springer press, which enjoys an almost complete monopoly in West Berlin, has seized on every passing rumor to predict the worst—as though Berliners desperately need continued crises to create any sense of civic identity for themselves. Given the city's history since the war, this is partly understandable, and there is also little sign that the East German panic, which contributed to the events in Czechoslovakia, has fully exhausted itself. A recent buzzing incident in the air corridor has done nothing to quiet nerves, nor have the sonic booms created by Russian fighters over the city (they increased considerably during the height of the Czech crisis) helped to improve local tranquillity.

But the real Berlin crisis, if it should actually come, will spring as much from within as without—it will no longer be possible to blame it entirely on the East Germans, the Russians or the wall. The West Berliners are responsible for their own state of mind and, whatever may be the true situation militarily or with regard to the three Western protecting powers, they are psychologically in rather poor condition. West Berlin, that great citadel of the free world, that bastion of democracy, is no longer what it once was.

The neon lights may glow as brilliantly as ever on the Kurfürstendamm, but they seem to go off earlier and earlier with each passing year. With the building of the wall, West Berlin's role as a model of free enterprise, capitalism's own Cuba in Eastern Europe, has lost much of its reason for being. So, it

would seem, have its inhabitants—the city's celebrated ironic humor has not lost its bite but there is now so much to be ironic about that it often fails to register.

West Berlin can now claim a few statistics not likely to be envied by other communities. It has perhaps the oldest population of any modern city and sexually the least favorable—one out of three West Berliners is a woman over 45. She usually looks her age, and the tourist riding the U-Bahn often feels he is surrounded by an invincible new German army entirely composed of plump, scowling, cloche-hatted senior citizens clutching their umbrellas. Even more striking, the city now enjoys that distinction many observers had erroneously attributed to Sweden: according to World Health Organization statistics for 1964, West Berlin had the highest suicide rate in the world—scoring 41.7 per 100,000 of population—and almost twice as high as Austria, the runner-up for that year. Most of these suicides are among the aged, who have been reduced to living on meager pensions and blasted dreams. A particularly pathetic example last spring involved a pair of 73-year-old twin sisters, who hung themselves in their tenement flat.

At a time when the Bonn government is pouring subsidies into Berlin, the young and talented continue to pour out into West Germany. Few companies will send their best men to Berlin, and new industry thinks several times before settling there. Berlin is simply not a real city; it lacks real suburbs and a surrounding countryside (these are now part of East Germany) to make its economy turn. Even more humiliating, its problems are multiplying while East Germany and its portion of Berlin are beginning to make significant economic progress. Perhaps the most meaningful sign is that the right-wing editors of the neo-Nazi weekly *National-Zeitung* and the left-wing theorists among the students both agree that the West has lost Berlin, that it is only a matter of time before the city must merge with the East German countryside. It is difficult to

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disagree with them: no matter what subsidies are provided, only an unforeseeable change of heart or politics in both German governments is likely to alter present trends.

Given these problems, it is not surprising that West Berliners have been casting around for a scapegoat and even less surprising that they have found one in the young. It is dangerous being a scapegoat in Germany. The generation war, now in full swing everywhere, is fought in West Berlin with a ferocity that must be seen to be believed. On the streets and in buses old people often upbraid and even lay hands on students or people who look like students. This can happen even if the students do not appear particularly beat or hippy. In some cases the young may provide the provocation, but the old have proved incredibly easy to provoke.

If there is any courage left in Berlin, it is to be found among these new young Germans, although it is a courage unlikely to reassure cold-war strategists in Bonn or Washington. The students do not give a damn about the Berlin question as it was understood in the years after the blockade and before the wall. The shooting of Rudi Dutschke has hardened them in attitudes which were scarcely soft to begin with; they are convinced that their parents are either Nazis or hypocrites (or both), and are merely waiting for a pretext to put the new emergency laws into force and their children into prison. How realistic these fears may be remains to be proved. [See "Heil Ho! The Frankfurt Fair" by André Schiffrin, *The Nation*, October 14.]

Some student leaders predict a new upsurge of violence in the autumn, particularly if events in France go that way also. Attempts are being made to organize high school students to come to the aid of their university brothers, and some speak openly of the need for a student militia, however reminiscent of the *Hitlerjugend* this may sound. But other leaders are doing their best to prevent such developments; whatever happens

THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE—OR NOSE

*The most recent attraction at the Smithsonian Institute,
In addition to elephants looking alive enough to shoot,*

*Statues ready to walk, planes to fly, cars to run,
Skeletons to clatter into life, and everything else under the sun*

*That makes that dead world seem alive and verbal
And matches the living world to the last detail,*

*Is the added sense of smell to those of touch and sight.
The odors are blended just right, so even the blight*

*On the partly decayed grapes (modeled molded in plastic and wax)
Give off a slightly rotten scent; the spinning wheel roped with flax*

*Smells Early American; the expertly twisted jungle undergrowth
From Africa has its own native perfume, even though Pygmies seem loath*

*To sniff it, standing with small brown hips thrown out
And bosoms bare in its very midst—without a doubt*

*They are at home in their cardboard huts without it.
But visitors find the sense of place more appropriate, more fit,*

*When they can trust their noses in addition to their hands and eyes
About the places that they choose to visit, or surmise*

*They have already been, or were indeed, before. It is
Reported that an elderly gentleman recalled the truth of his*

*Youth by the smell of the country store. He confirmed
The scent of chocolate for the experts. By now they've learned*

*To adjust the apparatus just so, and proper amounts
Of each odor are released, on cue, from hidden fountains,*

*Into the different rooms at intervals. The directors invite
You to test your sense of what is true against the polite*

*Synthetic smells of their creations. The only suggestion
They make is that you leave at home all powers of imagination.*

WILLIAM VIRGIL DAVIS

in France, it is evident that the German students will enjoy almost no support from the working class. This means that any violent encounter will probably end in a bloody defeat for the students—the police, many of whom are ex-storm troopers, are brutal enough, but the real danger could come from ordinary citizens out to defend their *Ordnung*. This is even more likely to happen in West Berlin than elsewhere; another reason for hoping that no external crisis is imposed on the internal one.

Many observers have sought to find a parallel between Germany now and Germany in the thirties. The comparison is tempting, and a few supposedly liberal English sources have gone so far as to label the students "Red Nazis" and to praise their parents, who were in fact the Nazi generation, as upholders of law and order. It is certain that the young,

even at their most liberal, still think and talk like Germans: democratic procedure is rarely observed at SDS meetings (the initials here standing for *Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund*), and appeals are more often made to *esprit de corps* than to reason. But the fact remains that the content of what the German students believe is absolutely anti-authoritarian, even to the point of being pedantically so, and that the real Nazi forces in Germany are shocked beyond words by the students. The young have studied their history thoroughly; they know what happened to Germany in the past, they know what happened to the Jews, and they are genuinely incensed by it. The real posture of young Germany today is that of a generation painfully trying to pull itself up by its own bootstraps. It is never an easy position to be in, and the young are likely to be off-balance should a further crisis arise.

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THEATRE/Harold Clurman

In Robert Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth* (Royale Theatre) Donald Pleasence appears first as Arthur Goldman, a tycoon of German-Jewish origin whose weirdly sumptuous office looks out on his property—most of the buildings in midtown Manhattan. He is witty, generous, madly eccentric. We suspect a "secret," and it is disclosed at the end of Act I. Pleasence is not the millionaire Goldman but Karl Dorff, a notorious Nazi colonel who was active in the slaughter of the Jews. Three Israeli agents spirit him off to their country.

In the second act Goldman-Dorff chooses to defend himself inside a glass booth in the Eichmann manner. At the start, his arguments make a certain sense. Justice demands, he says, that the court confine itself to his individual case without generalizations on the terrible fate of 6 million Jews. The plea fails to hold up because the man soon begins to boast of those he killed with his own hand. He then declares that he had only followed orders. In a spasm of insane eloquence he describes the *Führer's* charismatic power: the hope and love he inspired in the German people through his incorruptible devotion to their welfare. The German Jews themselves, Goldman-Dorff screams, would have followed Hitler had they not been his victims.

The harangue is interrupted by a woman who quietly asserts that the speaker is not Dorff but his Jewish cousin who had been enlisted in the Nazi service and had then committed himself savagely to their program. Goldman-Dorff immediately breaks down. He had meant his previous speech to make the Nazis more vile than ever; he had anticipated and desired capture by the Israelis. He wished to expiate his crimes and declare his loathing of the Nazis. When he escaped their domination after the war he avenged himself on them with all possible brutality. He weeps with the woman who has exposed his identity and one sees them finally in an embrace of mutual commiseration.

The play is earnestly meant. The first act builds suspense. The central character is colorful and brilliantly played. Act II falters badly; one cannot credit any of its circumstances. The revelation scene lacks tension, and one is astonished that no one in the court challenges its details. Moreover, its staging is feeble. But by this point we are no longer concerned with melodrama or stage guile; the play has entered the realm of "ideas."

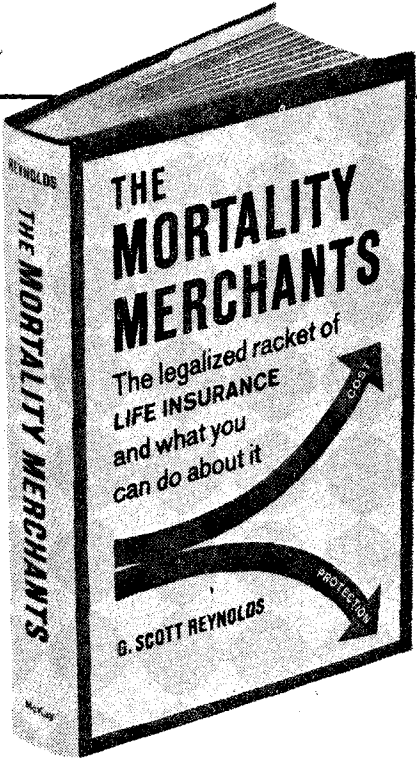
What it attempts is to state all the

oft-repeated and ultimately wearisome arguments—no matter how much they may contradict one another—apropos of the Hitlerian holocaust. Anti-Semitism is not an exclusively German vice, it exists everywhere; Jews went to their death without protest. But then they could not conceive of what was in store for them. They might have followed Hitler along with the other Germans, but, it is suggested, not with the same ferocity. Some Jews collaborated with their tormentors. Desperate men will follow any leader to any lengths if they believe him un-

questionably dedicated to their salvation, etc., etc., etc.

Such all-inclusive "objectivity"—apart from the dramatic confusion it leads to—is emotional and intellectual nonsense. Neither the author nor we are gods; we take definite positions in every real situation. Life and death matters are always acted upon according to specific temperament, need, tradition and faith. The personages in *The Man in the Glass Booth* are figureheads and not full-bodied characters; its theatrical dillydalling with history, psychology and mental concepts becomes distasteful, not to say, shameful.

A modicum of skill may be credited



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to the play, and Pleasence's virtuosity is inescapably interesting. Audiences during the early weeks of the New York run of such plays are given to fatuous exaggeration. Harold Pinter's direction (in Act I only) is crafty, not "sensational." And Pleasence has a voice that is powerful and cutting, his every attack and reading is admirably calculated and executed, his characterization is complete, so that (despite, in this instance, some indistinctness of speech) he remains constantly fascinating. But despite these virtues he is not genuinely moving. His acting here is superb melodrama.

There are other nice performances, particularly those of Tresa Hughes as the woman who unmasks Dorff-Goldman, and Lawrence Pressman as his loyal private secretary. The office setting of Ed Wittstein from one by Voytek in London also contributes to the success of the evening's first part.

Such forms of popular entertainment as the turns of stand-up comics, night-club acts, blackout revue sketches, hit parade songs, sometimes contain a crude nugget of honest observation. There is something of this in Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna's four one-act comedies, *Lovers and Other Strangers* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre).

The first is rather routine. A male squirt is trying to make a female jerk, a girl given to quoting contemporary sages for protection in the harmless combat of sexual byplay. The skit is redeemed by Zohra Lampert's ungainly grace and breathy rationalizations.

The next bit hits a little harder. A married woman battles to arouse her tired businessman to his connubial obligations. He can't make love to her (that night) he claims, not only because she is too aggressive as a person and too successful at her work but because that day he himself failed to put over a big deal. She hadn't realized the dependence of his sex life on the volume of his sales. Renee Taylor, the play's co-author, acts well with a vaudeville comedy touch.

The third trifle pictures a panicky young man giving his fiancée every plausible reason why he has decided not to marry her. Slightly amazed but nonetheless imperturbable, the future bride brings the guy to his senses (as she will to the altar) by inquiring about arrangements for the wedding. Both Marvin Lichterman and Mariclare Costello are amusing.

In the best slice of the evening's pudding an Italian laborer and his wife attempt to dissuade their son from divorce. They uphold the sanctity of marital vows and of the home. "We are strangers to one another," says the young man, speaking of his wife; to which his father replies, "In marriage we become deeper strangers, which is a kind of love." The material may be commonplace but an earthy humor imbues the sketch with sympathetic life.

Here too a solid truthfulness and a delicate sensibility within the uncouth in Richard Castellano's acting add warmth to an evening from which only unredeemed laughter is foreseen.

The direction by Charles Grodin is, of its kind, excellent, though now and again it shows through too markedly in the acting. Actors should never seem to have been directed.

ment. Now, six years later, critical scrutiny is necessary and, in fact, overdue. Every big show of work by a recently dead artist forces the questions: how good was he? This time there is another question as well: How should we look at Kline's work?

The second question is important, because Kline was a member of a generation of American painters (those born from 1903 to 1915), the strength and originality of whose paintings outpaced critical response. The result is that inadequate and partial theories have prospered. One false theory persists in labeling the generation as Abstract Expressionists. This is, basically, a version of the theory of art as self-expression masquerading as American innocence. According to self-expression theory, emotion guides the artist's hand and the painted form is passion's trace. American innocence came in as freedom from the habits and conventions of prior art, most of it European.

The characterization of art as seismic spasm or tremor seems to be accepted by John Gordon in his informative catalogue next to the Kline exhibition. He writes of Kline's "almost brutal spontaneous power," and reckons that "this feeling of energy is the essence of Kline." He has, here, the support of the artist, whom he quotes as saying that the test of a painting is, "does the painter's emotion come across?" However, a more acute sense of the artificiality of art, a clearer sense of its definition as a structure, contrasts today with the work-in-doubt of the existential forties and early fifties.

The more aware we become of art's artificiality, the more dubious must we be about ideas of art as equivalent to a cry, orgasm or trip. The supposition that the artist is going to paint when most desperate or most tortured is no longer as awesome or as likely as it once seemed. It sounded plausible when the impact of the work of art's newness was taken for the artist's emotional rawness, but nearly twenty years later how relevant are expressionist theories of art as applied to American abstract art?

The renewal of the knowledge of art's artificiality is not the same thing as recognizing the formal properties of art, though it is part of it. The work of the younger artists of the sixties has contributed to the new emphasis. The inner man who, in expressionist theory, suffered and excreted his problems into the outer world as paint deposits, has been blocked or disdained by most Pop artists and by the Minimal artists. By drying out the more ostentatious symbols of self by presenting systematic concepts in factual form, Minimal artists have resisted the organic and emotional theory

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Mr. Alloway, former curator of the Guggenheim Museum, is at present visiting professor at the New York State University, Stony Brook. His forthcoming history of the Venice Biennale will be published by the New York Graphic Society.

Max Kozloff, art critic for The Nation, is on leave of absence. He will contribute occasional articles during the 1968-69 season.

The Franz Kline retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art is the second given to this artist. The first, in Washington in 1962, six months after Kline's death in May of that year, was too close to his death for critical detach-

of art that overstressed the general elements of American painting. In addition, happenings and other performances have accustomed the public to dissolving art forms, in which the media are mixed and the formal limits of art become complex interfaces. By comparison, the work of the so-called Abstract Expressionists is compact and legible; in short, its status as art is visible and insistent in its demands for evaluation.

If Kline's signs are not to be regarded as the index of feeling, what are they? Mr. Gordon has tried to have it both ways and proposes that the "brutal" forms are the product of "careful structure and loving handling." The passion and the painting remain unrelated episodes in Kline's life, as Gordon presents them, but if we reject the hypothesis that art can be the direct outcome of unmediated emotion, we are left with, simply, "careful structure and loving handling." In fact, Kline is a conventional and weak painter to whom such stock expressions as this are wholly appropriate.

Kline composed frequently with centered forms, but always with asymmetries to mitigate monotony; he stretched big horizontals across a canvas, say, but modulated it by secondary verticals. He played with contrasts of large and small forms, generally avoiding too much of either. By this ever-present system of checks and qualifications he separates himself from the innovative American painters of his generation, such as Pollock, Newman, Still. Kline made an effort to transform his art, as other Americans were transforming theirs, by working large, by direct handling, by reducing diversity, but his art remained basically a diagrammatic version of traditional compositions.

Kline's best works, to my eyes, all done in the first half of the fifties, are the crisp and incisive ones in which black is dead black and white a solid plane. "Chief," "Cardinal" and "Wotan" of 1950, and "Accent Grave" of 1955, currently at the Whitney, are of this type; so are "Thorpe" (1954) and "Wanamaker Block" (1955), both missing from the show. This exhibition, like the first retrospective in Washington, gives an overample helping of the cloudy, tonal works. These are the paintings, the majority, in which a barrage of grays corrodes the density of black and white, and in which color also acts as half-tone, to blur the basic armature rather than to illuminate space. (A small untitled work of 1950, No. 31 in the catalogue, uses color as mass rather than as atmospheric tone, but Kline never followed up this color possibility.) As it loses maximum tonal contrast, Kline's surface becomes pulpy and his chiaroscuro schmaltzy.

Kline, it is worth noting, did not paint in groups or series, whereas Pollock, Newman, Still, Rothko, Motherwell and, to an extent, de Kooning have all done so. In these groups, the whole set rather than any single piece, is the unit of meaning. The permutation of known formats, of recurrent images, is an original factor in American painting since World War II, but Kline never extended his paintings by repetition in time. To him, a painting was an irreducible and noncontinuous form. There is no reason why a painter should not hold this view; the point is offered as a

description, but it does confirm the conservative features of his composition.

His paintings have impacted cues, specific but clenched references to the human figure, furniture, architecture, the themes that Kline had used as a realist. However, his realistic work was banal, as is demonstrated in the selection of early work at the Whitney. He was not fundamentally the kind of painter to work in the way that he elected. Imagine Pascin trying to be Picasso or Guttuso trying to be Matisse. Kline, feeling the pressure of his generation, turned out to be only Icarus.

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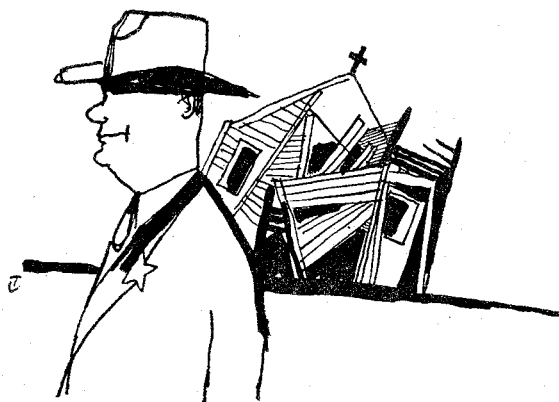
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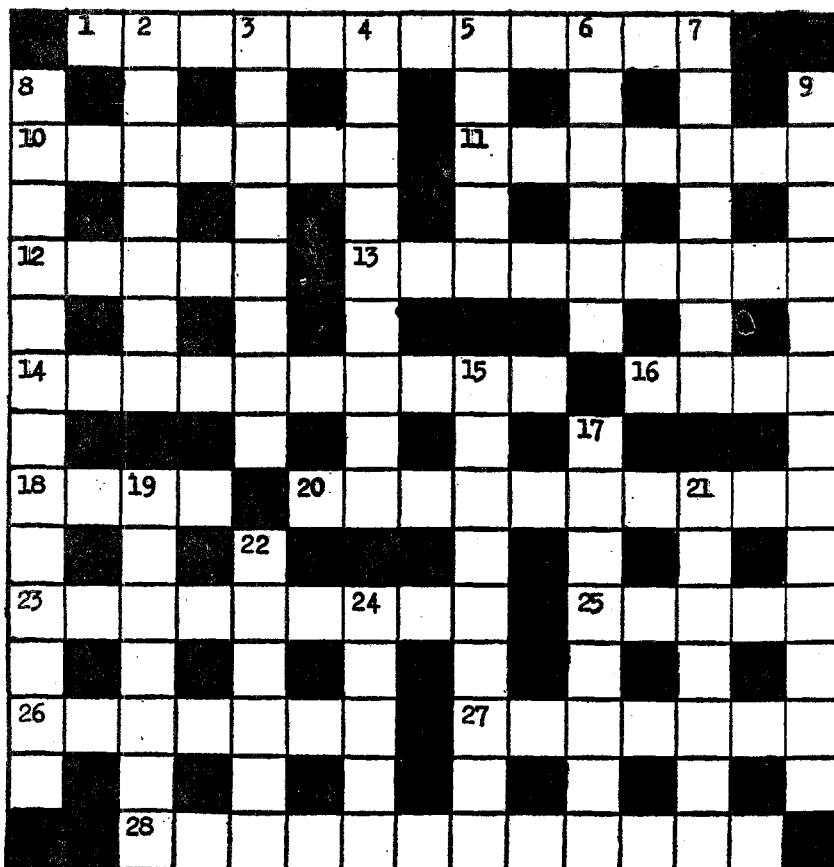
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1268

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Francis Scott might begin it with a couple of flats. (3,9)
- 10 Unrefined ore is in this, but it's not so soft. (7)
- 11 Live, when not out of use. (7)
- 12 Is in very warm surroundings, but you can get a lift from it. (5)
- 13 A traveler might have to find someone to do it to his tongue. (9)
- 14 One of the things disputants are at might prove a turtle. (10)
- 18 One of these might have a local designation in England. (4)
- 20 In the manner of a professor? (10)
- 23 Only middling net results called for on the gridiron. (4,5)
- 25 Evidently the shape of the twinkly star.
- 26 Mr. Crane had been warned that one had lost his head. (7)
- 27 Would certainly never serve as the Night Watch! (7)
- 28 Managed to get out of unpredictable and dire times. (12)

DOWN

- 2 Going out on the stage? (7)
- 3 Modulate? It might be important in Anderson's "Typewriter." (5,3)
- 4 Puts on a decorative effect arranged from shearings. (9)
- 5 Inclined to be an early contest. (5)

- 6 They should be used to putting you in your place. (6)
- 7 Prohibition doesn't seem completely to grab me, when the subject comes up! (7)
- 8 and 16 across In such a divine round trip, there is bound to be a little unpredictability! (2,3,3,2,3,4)
- 9 Senior class emblems? (6,7)
- 15 Literally a cure for drunkenness stays them possibly, with what sounds like quarts of source material. (9)
- 17 Sergeant broken and required to keep at a distance? (8)
- 19 Its bark could be improved, with proper carriage. (7)
- 21 Saw a cure for a headache? (7)
- 22 "Antony and Cleopatra" performance where the first part of the play concludes with an uncertain comment. (6)
- 24 This joint always comes up with a musical group, it seems! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1267

ACROSS: 1 Good-looking; 9 Part-time; 10 and 25 Timing gear; 11 Genetic; 12 Shad roe; 14 Sprang; 15 Abnegate; 17 Spelling; 20 Hearses; 22 and 24 Stop-gap measure; 26 Detach; 27 Eligible; 28 Interrogate. DOWN: 2 On the ball; 3 and 13 Driving range; 4 and 8 Over and out; 5 Kitchen; 7 Make-up; 16 Gear shift; 18 Potter; 19 Ivanhoe; 20 Heeling; 21 Shriill; 23 Plain.

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